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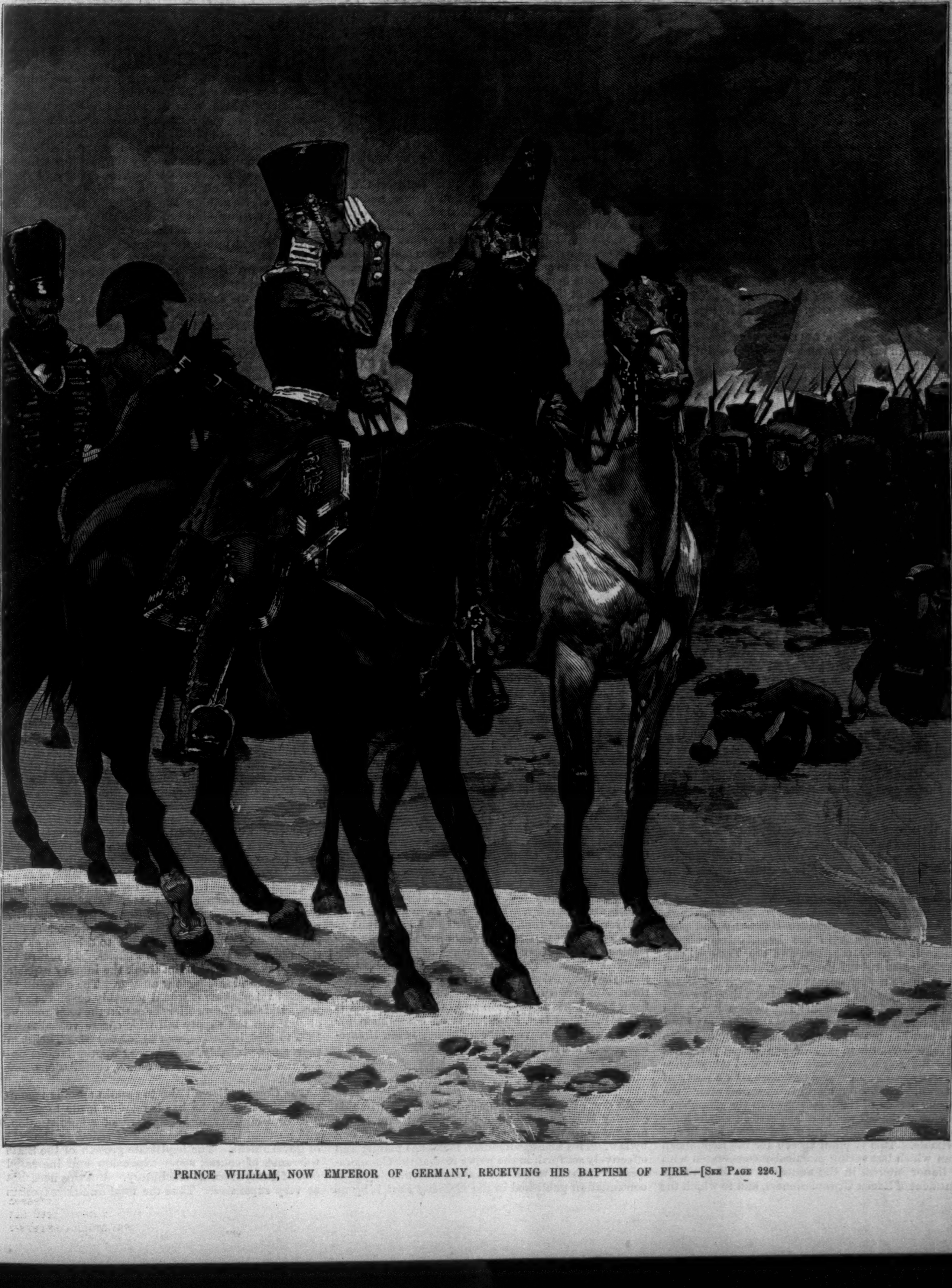

PRINCE WILLIAM, NOW EMPEROR OF GERMANY, RECEIVING HIS BAPTISM OF FIRE.—[See Page 226.]

"No more beautiful book for the boys and girls can be found than Harper's Young People, and none whose contents will afford greater enjoyment."—*Sunday-school Journal* (edited by the Rev. John H. Vincent, D.D.).

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

The number for March 22 contains the eleventh instalment of "The Colonel's Money," by Lucy C. Lillie, *short stories by* Howard Pyle, Kirk Munroe, *and* David Ker, *and the first part of*

PIPPIN AND TIM; OR, LEAVES FROM A NURSERY CHRONICLE.

By MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

It is illustrated by C. D. Weldon.

Mr. George Makepeace Towle *continues his "Heroes and Martyrs of Invention," the subject of the present article being "John Gutenberg, the Inventor of the Printing-Press."*

"Small-fruit Culture for Young People" is a practical article by a practical horticulturist.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, March 26, 1887.

An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

PARTY POLICY.

THERE is always an important question for a party majority in Congress or in a State Legislature, namely, whether its general conduct will strengthen the party by commending it to the approval of good citizens. This is a peculiarly interesting question for the Republican party, because it is the national party in opposition. The Republican votes in Congress against considering the reduction of taxation, and to pass the Dependent Pension Bill over the veto, have not strengthened the party. How is it, then, in New York, where the legislative majority is largely Republican? There have been two very important bills pending in the Legislature—the act providing for a Constitutional Convention, and the Crosby high license act. The path of duty has been perfectly plain in both cases, and it was also that of policy. By a vote of twenty to one the people decided at the last election that a Convention should be called to revise the Constitution of the State. There is no doubt whatever, and nobody suggests a doubt, that they meant a Convention to be elected promptly and to meet this year. Nobody would be so foolish as to allege that they meant that a Convention should be held next year or two years hence. The mandate was definite and peremptory, and nobody assumes to deny it.

At the opening of the session the first bill introduced was a provision for the Convention, but now in the last weeks of the session a bill is proposed, and made practically by caucus action a Republican bill, postponing the Convention to another year, and so framed as to invite a veto, and so, probably, to prevent action of any kind at this session of the Legislature. This course shows plainly a purpose to disregard the desire of the people of the State as expressed at the election, and to manage the whole matter so as to gain some kind of party advantage. Party leaders on both sides are playing undoubtedly for this result. But it is a game by which the Republicans cannot profit as a party, because it alienates the very vote which is essential to it. If the fair bill which was proposed had been modified to meet candid objection, and had then been pushed straight through to a passage, and the Convention had assembled in the early summer, the Republican party, which is responsible for legislation, would have been very much stronger than it is to-day, because the action would have shown that it was intent upon a public purpose in obedience to a public command. As it is, the party figures as engaged in an effort to defeat the public will, to evade calling a Convention, and to throw the responsibility upon the Governor. That is a course which wins neither respect nor confidence nor votes.

So with the high license bill, instead of adopting it and challenging the Democrats to go upon the record, thus demonstrating Republican sympathy and purpose, the Republicans in the Legislature refused to make it a party measure, and the *Tribune*, evidently alarmed by the party unwillingness to pass the bill, made a very urgent appeal, saying frankly that "the passage of such a bill at this time is necessary to the well-being of the Republican party, the lukewarmness of which upon this class of legislation in the past has provoked dissatisfaction liable to issue in revolt." That is to say, the Republican party has been a lukewarm temperance party, and temperance men who are not lukewarm therefore seek a party of their own. The *Tribune* said further that after "the indecent parade of the liquor men in the chamber," the defeat of the bill would render certain suspicions—namely, of the liquor control of the party—logical and inevitable. This is plain speech for the Republican organ which last spring practically co-operated with the liquor interest in the matter of the Mayor's appointment of Excise Commissioners, and to which the famous despatch of Mr. Sheridan Shook was addressed. But it is true speech as well as plain. The Prohibition vote in the State in 1881 was 4445, and in 1886, even after the Republican anti-saloon demonstration, it was 36,414, which was an increase of nearly 6000 over the vote of the year before. This vote is probably nine-tenths Republican, and it is increased at this rapid rate because of the growing feeling that the Republican party cannot be trusted upon the subject. Here again is other proof that the recent course of the party is not strengthening it nor commending it to the approval of the voters whose support is essential. The Republican majority is so large that the passage of the bill by desperate appeals and warnings will be of doubtful value. The bill will pass undoubtedly, but if it had been frankly adopted as a party measure, it would have been better party policy.

THE LAST RAILROAD CALAMITY.

The catastrophe at Forest Hills, upon the Boston and Providence Railroad, is one of the most shocking in the annals of such events, and it is also the first serious disaster upon the road, which is one of the oldest and most carefully managed in the country. Yet the facts now seem to show that the management was at fault, for the bridge which fell is discovered to have had a cracked support which thorough inspection would have revealed. If this shall prove to be true, the responsibility for the terrible slaughter and suffering will be fixed upon the official authorities whose duty it was to inspect the road. The Railroad Commissioners began their investigation at once, and the truth will be ascertained and published. There would have been the usual burning and roasting if one man had not thought to send for a fire-engine. The accounts of the wreck are full of the pathos and heroism which belong to such sad events. But it is grievous that the same horrible loss of life is constantly occurring, and that there seems to be no remedy. This is the third great disaster of the kind since the year began. That at Republic, in Ohio, was the result of careless collision, and the deadly stove completed the terrible work. The fall of the bridge at White River, in Vermont, accompanied by the certain fire, is officially declared not to be due to the fault of anybody, although the Commissioners admit that the fire from the stoves increased the number of the victims.

Obviously, with the utmost vigilance and thoughtfulness, there will be some accidents, because honest human nature itself sometimes fails. The faithful sentinel will drop asleep; the trusty switchman will be suddenly bewildered. But experience has shown beyond cavil that there can be very much more security for passengers. The stove, for instance, should be forbidden in the cars. Legislation should take the same precautions for human life upon railroads that it does in the erection of buildings. A correspondent in Boston recently assured us that railroad companies could be trusted to look out for their own interests in such matters. But the difficulty with that theory is the facts. Railroad companies do not always take such care. It is the interest of steam-boat owners to have sound boilers, and not to carry a dangerous number of passengers. But the law assists the prompting of self-interest by requiring owners under penalties to have the boilers inspected, and a specified limit of the number of passengers observed. In the present case, if the fact shall be established that there was a weak support of the bridge, the pecuniary penalty of the company should be so exemplary that its self-interest will lead it to ascertain without delay whether there is any other weak support of any bridge upon the line, or any other defect which skill and money can remedy.

Doubtless there is great care taken upon all important roads, and that fact is not forgotten in the demand that for the consequences of every act of negligence there shall be smarting damages. It is most creditable to a road so old, and with such a vast system of suburban trains as the Boston and Providence, that the casualties have been so few. But this disaster shows that even careful supervision may sometimes signally fail, and that still greater safeguards are necessary. Railroad managers may profitably remember that, after three such calamities as those of this year, similar events are still more unpardonable, and the care of supervision should be redoubled. This is no less true because it is also true that the proportion of fatal accidents to the vast throngs of persons which are carried every day to and from New York and Boston and other large cities is so small. That fact, however, is no consolation for those who are bereaved by carelessness, even if carelessness be not the rule.

MONEY IN POLITICS.

As one of the chief conceded public evils in this country is the use of money in politics, one of the most pressing public necessities is redress of that evil by law. This abuse, which Mr. Ivins has plainly and effectively set forth in the paper read at the Commonwealth Club to which we have alluded, and in its continuation published in the *Evening Post*, is by no means limited to bribery at elections and to buying offices and assessing officers. It is an evil of wider scope. Money as an agent of legislation, corruption in law-making, is a familiar form of it. The use of money as an influence in securing public contracts of every kind, and every form of official bribery, are facts only too well known. The historic era of force is succeeded by an era of fraud, and while there is plenty of public spirit, and while there are public men of the highest character and ability, and while our own time and country are preferable to all others, they are so in great part because for every abuse there is a quick eye and swift exposure and redress. It is only recently that the gross misuse of money in politics has been so general and extensive, and Mr. Ivins opens a discussion of the remedy, which will be carefully considered, and in some form adopted.

Machinery in politics—that is to say, organization to advance public interests at elections—is natural and inevitable. But that being conceded, as it is by every man who thinks much upon the subject, the obvious course is to make the machinery as effective as possible for its purpose. The party machine, as it now exists, is an effort of private persons to do in their own interest, and with consequent disregard of public ends, what must be done by somebody if elections are to be held, but what should be done by the authority of law, and for many reasons, chief among which is the fact attested by experience that any private method of doing it leads to the utmost corruption, and the defeat of the very purpose for which the machinery is constructed. The remedy of the evil is not the abolition of the machine—that is, of methods of furnishing the necessary facilities for voters at elections—but such regulations as will prevent the various and monstrous abuses which have been developed under the present system of the machine.

In Mr. Ivins's judgment the law of New York for counting and canvassing the vote cannot be improved. But he finds the English Ballot Act of 1872 an admirable model for providing for the printing and distribution of ballots, and the English Corrupt and Illegal Practices Act of 1883, for the regulation of the expenses of elections. The first act commits to the government the duty of recording all nominations, providing ballots with the name of every candidate, distributing the ballots, and furnishing all necessary conveniences. This dispenses with the necessity of private subscriptions and private care for all these purposes. The corruption act specifies the purposes for which no payment or promise of money can be made, and provides that the total expense shall be limited to a certain specified amount, and that no candidate or agent shall pay more than a certain sum mentioned, and only in the manner provided by the act. A candidate may spend $500 for personal election outlays, but all further expense must be paid by his agent, and within thirty-five days after the election the agent must make a report of every detail, amount, and purpose of all the money that he has spent. The law is minute and comprehensive, and although nowhere were elections more corrupt than in England, yet the act is so skilfully and wisely drawn, and is so honestly enforced, that it has practically put an end to the evil. Such laws would be invaluable here, and as the time has come when they are necessary, they must be explained and advocated until they are adopted.

THE STATE EXPENSES.

The Senate of New York recently addressed certain inquiries to the Comptroller of the State concerning the increase of offices and commissions and of the expenses of the State government, the possible abolition or consolidation of offices and reduction of salaries, the possible withholding or diminution of special or regular appropriations, and, in fine, general retrenchment in the State expenditure. To this comprehensive inquiry the Comptroller has returned an interesting answer. From 1872 to 1886 there have been twenty-four offices, commissions, or boards created. During the last fiscal year the number of salaries paid increased from 4461 to 4707, and the amount of payments from $2,949,143 40 to $3,218,451 29. Numerous measures are pending for the creation of new offices and salaries, but the Comptroller is not aware of any pending proposition to decrease either the number or the amount of salaries. In regard to appropriations, he does not think the inquiry capable of a direct and satisfactory answer. The question of general retrenchment would probably cover the subject. But the Comptroller states that the total amount of items in the supply bill which were vetoed from 1875 to 1886, inclusive, was $4,283,642 03. This sum represents, probably, unnecessary appropriations under the existing scheme of offices, commissions, and boards.

The Comptroller alludes to certain specific recommendations which he has heretofore made to secure greater simplicity and economy of administration, and he then takes up the topic of reducing the cost of government. The legitimate growth of the State warrants, of course, some expansion and increased cost of governmental machinery. But this need not be very expensive. Thus the total annual expenses of the six executive departments of the State increased but $28,000 from 1880 to 1886, being $262,000 for 1880, and $290,000 for 1886, which is an increase of $4000 a year. But the annual appropriation bill, excluding the schools, increased from $2,875,000 for the year ending September 30, 1880, to $3,787,000 for the current year, which is at the rate of $120,000 a year. The effect is to deprive the tax-payer of the benefit of recent revenue acts, which yield annually more than $1,500,000, the aggregate State tax in 1880 having been $7,690,000, while for the current fiscal year it is $9,512,000. The creation of the twenty-four new boards or offices lays upon the State an expense of nearly $500,000, or $200,000 more than that of the great departments, with the addition of the Insurance and Banking departments. The Comptroller thinks that even if the twenty-four new creations had been justifiable, the cost is excessive. But he holds that some of them are neither necessary nor justifiable.

During the last fifteen years nearly $400,000 have been expended for engineering work outside of the State Engineer's department. The Comptroller does not hesitate to say that the Adirondack survey, the State survey, the survey of State lands, and the engineering work devolved upon the Board of Health and the Board of Regents should be placed under the department of the State Engineer. He holds, also, that the legislative ignoring of the Attorney-General's department in the engagement of special counsel by investigating committees, who are paid annually more than the Attorney-General and his deputies, is a gross abuse. Since 1872 the cost of such investigations and of contested elections has been more than $503,000. Nearly all the bureaus, offices, and departments recently created, if not abolished, should, in the Comptroller's judgment, be merged and consolidated with others. The report is worthy of careful consideration by the people of the State. It shows that the excessive cost of government is largely due to want of system in its recent expansion, and this is ascribed to the carelessness with which functions which are not public are thrown upon the government. This result is due to the fact that the few who are interested in enlarging the scope of government are persistent and careless, while the great body of the people who support the expense are silent. The Comptroller thinks that the evil could be in large part obviated by biennial instead of annual sessions of the Legislature, and by vesting the power to create new departments of government in the people and not in the Legislature. This last recommendation, however, is open to very serious question. While much that is said of the recent bureaus is true, yet there are admirable and necessary bureaus among the new legislative creations, and all reforms based upon distrust of the fitness of a Legislature to discharge its duty are to be suspected. If the people cannot elect a trusty and capable Legislature, they cannot be supposed competent to pass upon more difficult questions than the character and qualifications of candidates. But the Comptroller's report contains admirable suggestions which should bear fruit in legislation, and which show that he is an observant political student.

THE WORKING-WOMAN.

The questions regarding working-women are of constant and increasing interest, and they were never more generally and thoughtfully discussed than they are to-day. There are many views and many suggestions, and from the active agitation it is not to be doubted that many practical advantages will arise. Among those who have intelligently studied the subject, not as a philanthropist only, but as a working-woman, is Miss Ida M. Van Etten, who has been asked by some of the best-known ladies and gentlemen of the city to deliver three lectures upon the subject on Wednesday afternoons at the Madison Square Theatre, beginning on Wednesday, March 23, at four o'clock.

The subject as treated by Miss Van Etten covers the whole question. On the first day she will speak of "Woman as a Worker"; on March 30, on "New Industries for Women"; and on April 6, on "The Social Functions of Woman." Her words will be those of an earnest and enthusiastic woman who speaks of what she knows both as a woman and a worker. She treats the "Woman Question" from a point of view in which no intelligent man or woman can refuse an interest, and we bespeak for her the attendance which the speaker and the subject and the character of those who have requested the lectures invite.

THE TABERNACLE CHURCH.

There is no more eloquent or popular preacher in New York than the Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, whose portrait —and an admirable likeness it is, and admirably executed —was recently published in the Weekly, and whose little volumes upon Biblical heroes, Moses, Joseph, Paul, and others, are familiar and delightful portraitures of the old Scriptural figures and characters. Dr. Taylor is the pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church—a church which is famous in the annals of moral and humane movements in the city of New York, and which was never so prosperous and full of life as now.

On the morning of Sunday, the 13th of March, the church celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of Dr. Taylor's entrance upon its pastorate. The spirit of the society, their affection for their minister, and their pride and satisfaction in the relation between them were all shown in a signally generous and expressive manner. On this happy anniversary the sum of $35,000 was contributed for the extinguishment of the debt upon the church edifice. This generous subscription completes a total of $108,000 which has been contributed during the fifteen years of Dr. Taylor's pastorate.

But the good work does not stop with the extinguishment of the debt. During the same period the Tabernacle Church has given for missionary and benevolent purposes the sum of $341,153 40, making, with the other total, nearly $450,000. The membership of the church, which in 1872 was 578, has now increased to 1148. These are the signs of a healthful life which must be mutually most gratifying both to pastor and people, and in congratulation upon which the members of all denominations can cordially unite. There is no pastor more beloved or more efficient, and no preacher of more searching force and stirring eloquence, than Dr. Taylor.

ANOTHER ATTACK UPON CENTRAL PARK.

The press of New York has defended Central Park from many destructive blows, and it has resisted no attack more steadily and effectively than one which is now renewed. A bill has been quietly pushed through the Assembly to a third reading to establish a zoological garden in the peaceful meadows of the upper Park. The spot selected is the most charming retreat, where tranquil seclusion is essential to the rural purpose of the grounds. It would be totally ruined, of course, by placing the menagerie upon it, and destroying one of the characteristic parts of the Park.

A zoological garden properly placed in a park is an agreeable addition to its attractions. But if there were a question of choice between the charm of a quiet landscape, a stretch of lawn and groves for strolling and sitting, and a menagerie, there is no doubt that the design of the Park requires the preference of the tranquil meadow. But no such choice is imposed. The menagerie is already properly placed in the Park, and the meadows are free. There is no occasion whatever to make a change, nor would it have been thought of if a few residents opposite the menagerie, which was already there when they chose their residences, did not now find that it comes offensively betwixt the wind and their nobility.

This scheme is not new. It was proposed in the time of Tweed and Sweeny, and the destruction of the Meadow was begun. A protest of intelligent citizens, and the fall of the Ring, and the vigor of the press, happily saved the Park. The Commissioners ask for $300,000 to begin the damage. The city will be taxed for a project which, without the least reason, will deface the Park. And if the scheme should be successful, every other enterprise for the devastation of the great popular pleasure-ground would be strengthened. It is a very insidious and dangerous assault. There is but one sound rule for the management of the Park, and that is to hold fast to its purpose, of a retreat of meadow, lawn, grove, and water, a *rus in urbe*, the country for those who cannot go to the country made accessible to every citizen. We trust that Messrs. Hamilton and Crosby, and other intelligent representatives from the city, will strive to prevent this serious outrage upon Central Park.

THE OLD NEWS FROM RUSSIA.

The recent report of an attempt upon the life of the Czar was contradicted, but the British Parliamentary Secretary to the Foreign Office says that persons with explosives in their hands were arrested in St. Petersburg on the route of the Czar to the railway station, and it is further announced that a wide-spread conspiracy has been discovered. This is old news, and it will be constantly also new news. It is impossible that a country which is politically so far behind Christendom should be in the close and intimate communication with modern civilization and political enlightenment which railroads and telegraphs supply, without incessant disturbance arising from efforts to change the situation. "The representative Nihilist," says Mr. Meeker, in the April number of Harper's Magazine, is not an ignorant drayman who delivers addresses from a cart, but he is a graduate of the best schools in Europe, and is often allied to a noble family."

The instructive article upon Russia in the March number of Harper's Magazine gives a political glimpse into the empire which is very instructive. In the April number the exceedingly interesting paper called "Through the Caucasus" offers a social view of Russia which, although depressing, is also very instructive. The rigidity of the despotism is everywhere manifest, although, as Mr. Meeker, the author of the article, remarks, the Russian situation is difficult to understand, because there is so great a variety of conditions in the empire. The highest traits of civilization and the lowest of barbarism are found side by side. You will receive a telegram in four languages, but your private despatches will be mutilated by a censor, and your letters will be unsealed and inspected by a spy.

Mr. Meeker says that the drawback to all enterprise is government interference, and he sums up the situation in one sentence: "So long as private life and private property require the protection of just and efficient laws which cannot be annulled by the caprice of a Czar, there can be no encouragement for Russia's future." Mr. Meeker's account of the country through which he travelled is bright and graphic, and his pictures of the Caucasus are very fresh and interesting. The more one reads of Russia the less kindly disposed he is to the extension of the empire with its iron autocracy unbroken.

A PUBLIC MISFORTUNE.

A more discreditable illustration of the spoils system, which, among its other abuses, turns out a most capable and experienced officer merely because his term expires, has not been presented than the action of Governor Lounsbury, of Connecticut, in not reappointing Professor Arthur T. Hadley as Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. There is no incumbent of such a position in the country wh[illegible] filled it more ably, with more intelligence and good sense, than Professor Hadley, and no one who has done more excellent public service. There has been no whisper of dissatisfaction with him, nor any intimation that the public service could possibly gain by his removal. Moreover, the Governor is a Republican, and the Republican party claims to be especially the party of civil service reform, and the Convention that nominated him demanded a thorough enforcement of the law, and the extension of its principles to State and municipal administration, and one of its cardinal principles is the retention of precisely such officers as Professor Hadley. But because he has not asked to be reappointed, and because no letters were written to the Governor urging his reappointment, although the press is practically unanimous for it, the Governor states that he did not think that he was justified in reappointing him.

That Professor Hadley is exceptionally qualified for the office, that he has discharged its duties to universal satisfaction, that he has acquired invaluable experience, that he is of the very best class of public officers, and that the Governor's own political friends demand a policy which requires his reappointment, were not reasons, according to Governor Lounsbury, which would justify his reappointment. In such a case, like Dr. Johnson, the friends of reform and of good government can only furnish arguments. They can do no more. But this case shows how deeply rooted is the abuse of the spoils system, and how completely it has extirpated the fundamental principle of good government that office must seek the man, and not man the office.

PERSONAL.

The ladies' class for fencing, in the rooms of the Fencers' Club, will begin their lessons on March 23, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M., and will continue them on Fridays, Mondays, and Wednesdays following, under the instruction of Captain Nicolas, who will teach precisely as he teaches men. They will use the same masks, gloves, and foils that men use, and will wear tennis costumes. Their bodies will be protected by the regulation chamois vests, and perhaps by specially designed cuirasses of thick leather. Captain Nicolas's observation has been that women are suppler in limb than men, and that they learn the art of fencing as well and as rapidly as men.

—One of the salesmen at Tiffany's speaks with enthusiasm of Mr. Beecher's well-known fondness for precious stones of brilliant hues. "There is not a man in the establishment," he says, "who had a finer perception of delicate shades than Beecher, or whose judgment as to the cost and value of such stones was better." Mr. Beecher's portly figure was a familiar feature at Tiffany's during the winter months, and the firm are exhibiting in their principal window a life-size, half-length oil portrait of him.

—A young woman of sixteen was walking up Broadway, wearing a Newmarket which closely fitted her figure, and which had a small cape that covered a third of her back. One of the best known of American painters observed her in silence as she proceeded on her way, and then exclaimed: "Did you ever see a garment that so maltreated a female figure? Every line of physical beauty is concealed by it. Dress-makers have no taste."

—Mr. Winslow Homer saw Gérôme's picture of the chariot races in the Roman amphitheatre, just when an architect's clerk had brought it into Gérôme's studio, with the amphitheatre drawn in, according to the rules of geometrical perspective. Other French artists, before frescoing the walls of churches and palaces, often employ the services of young architects in similar fashion.

—Mr. Brayton Ives illustrated his lecture on early printed books before the Grolier Club by exhibiting, from his private collection, seventy-one early printed books, which cost him not less than $69,000. One of them was the famous Gutenberg Bible, the first book ever printed. Mr. Ives paid $14,000 for it at auction. Mr. Robert Hoe, Jun., estimated the present worth of these seventy-one books at $125,000. The lecture was a lucid and rapid exposition, with the aid of the stereopticon, and greatly pleased the guests and members of the club.

—The admirable engraving of Meissonier's "1807" which was published in the last number of the Weekly, and which has elicited universal admiration, was made from a recent photograph of the picture in the Stewart collection. The reproduction is absolutely faithful, and the great strength and beauty of the engraving will cause every lover of art to hope that the original will pass into the hands of some generous buyer who will not seclude it from public view.

—A story is told in art circles of a young American painter who returned from a course of European study with not a cent in his pocket. His ambition was equal to the situation, and he hired a magnificent studio, filled it with choice stuffs and bric-à-brac, and proceeded to take fashionable pupils of the gentler sex, having borrowed his equipment from a fashionable house-decorator, whose business he "boomed" at the houses of his pupils' parents in return for the loan of the bric-à-brac and stuffs.

—At the sale of the late Mrs. Mary Jane Morgan's household goods the dining-room furniture, that cost $6280, brought $1030; and the cameo flint-glass service of 222 pieces, that cost $18,000, brought $1675, although a year ago it was withdrawn at $5000. A rosewood cabinet inlaid with brass and mother-of-pearl fetched $950; a Louis XVI. screen, with panels of Beauvais tapestry, $800, or one-half its cost; and a large antique Daghestan rug, $1025, or about one-third its cost. The aggregate receipts were about $30,000.

—The old Unitarian church on Geary Street, San Francisco, will soon be sold, and the congregation will move to a new building farther up town. The tomb of Thomas Starr King, the preacher whose eloquence brought funds for the old structure, will also be removed, and will occupy a conspicuous position in the new churchyard.

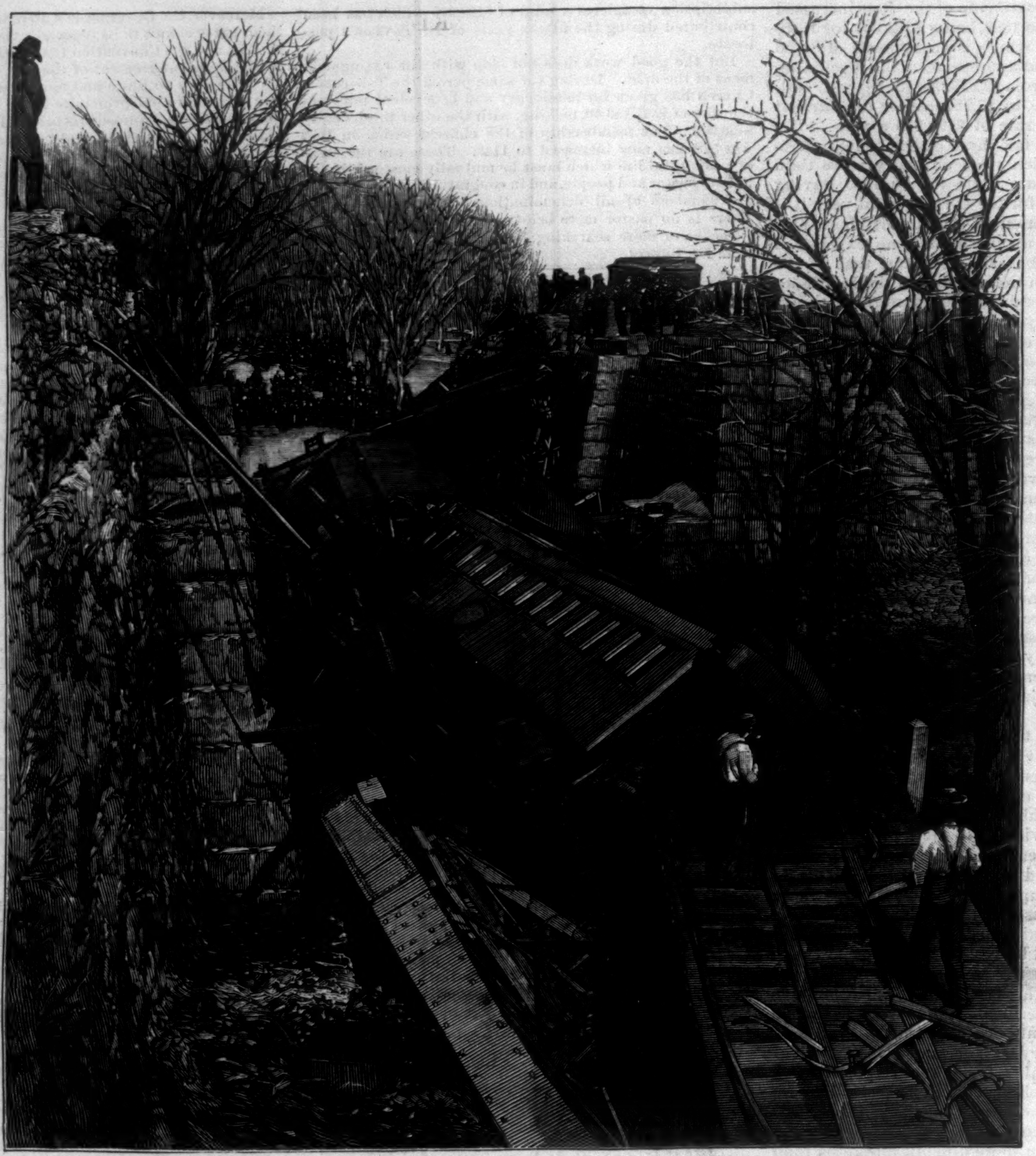
—King Kalakaua of the Hawaiian Islands has ordered a fast despatch steamer to be built on the Clyde, and has converted a Honolulu steamer into a war ship mounting two Gatling-guns and a small breech-loading cannon. When the new loan is floated, Kalakaua will order a first-class steel corvette.

—The most important experiment in the direction of co-operative enterprise that is being undertaken to-day takes the shape of a colony to Sinaloa, Mexico. It is known as the Credit Foncier Company, of which Mr. Albert K. Owen is President (or rather Chairman of its Board of Directors), and Mr. John W. Lovell, Treasurer; and its object is the establishment on lands owned by the company of a city on Topolobampo Bay, and of a community in which is to be solved the problem of integral co-operation, while preserving inviolate every individual right and the institution of the family. Its inspiration appears to have come mainly from the example of M. Godin's celebrated Familistère at Guise, France. The pioneers are already on the ground. They have had many hardships to confront—the worst of which was the outbreak of small-pox at the very start—and some who discounted the future, who expected to *find* the garden which really they must *make*, have deserted their comrades and spread injurious reports respecting the infant colony. Whatever may be the final success of the enterprise, these reports seem to have no just foundation, as in a telegram dated Fuerte, Mexico, March 7, four directors of the company announce: "No sickness; plenty of provisions; 410 persons united and happy."

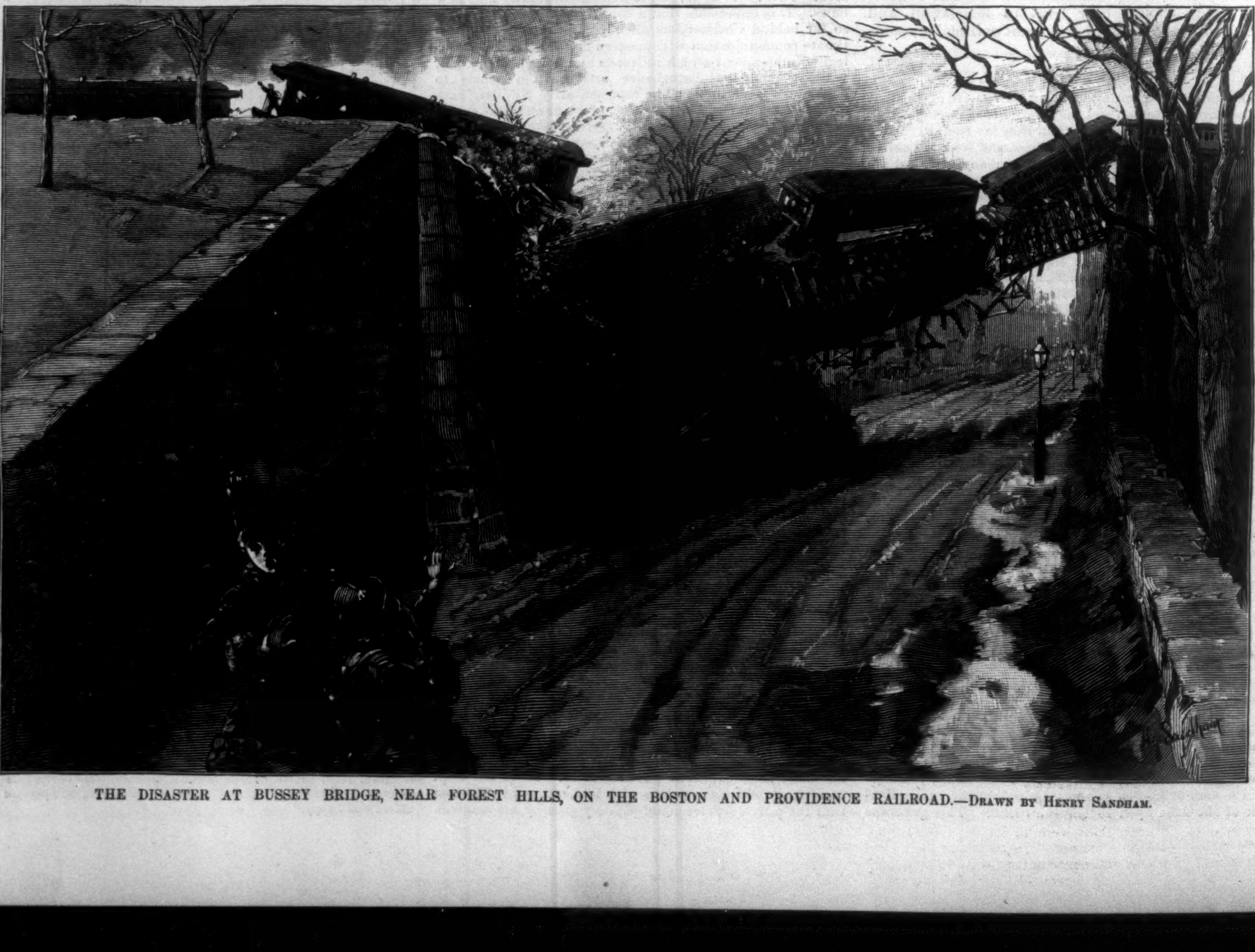
THE FOREST HILLS DISASTER.

No one was burned to death in the accident on the Boston and Providence Railroad last Monday. In every other respect the disaster was the worst of the list which will long make grim the memory of the spring of 1887. The dead numbered about 30, there having been almost daily additions from the list of about 126 wounded. The injuries suffered were the most dreadful and various imaginable. The first thing taken from the wreck was the headless body of a woman. Other victims were transfixed by splinters through the body. Some were crushed, some dismembered, and many mangled.

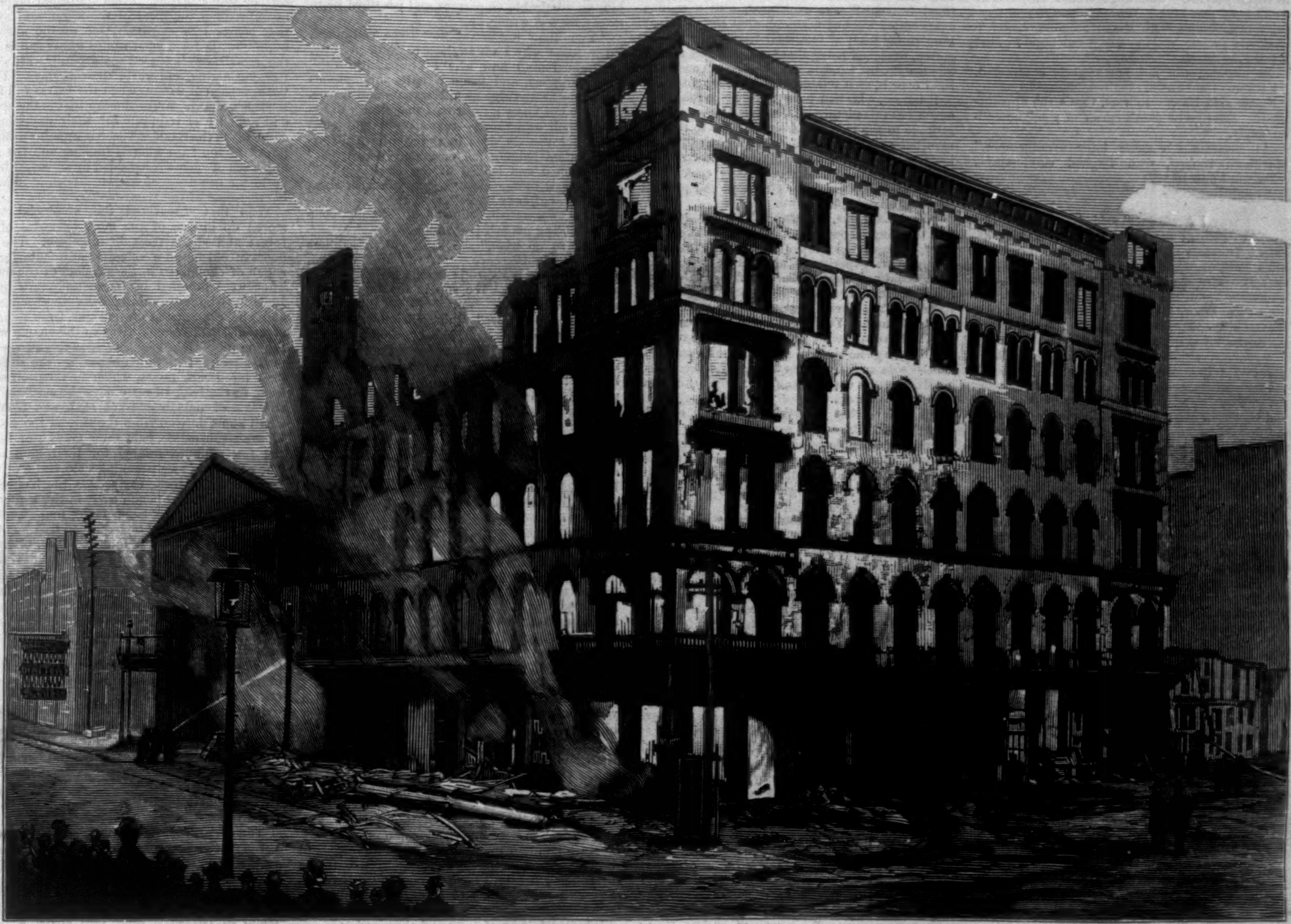
The train was a local one going over the Dedham Branch to Boston. It consisted of nine cars, containing about 300 people, mostly working people and school-children. About six miles from Boston the railway crosses a street near Forest Hills Station by a bridge about 125 feet long and 40 high. The morning express, heavier and faster than the fatal train, crossed this bridge safely but a few minutes previously. Indeed, nothing appears to have gone wrong until after the third car reached the Boston end of the bridge; then suddenly the entire structure collapsed. The train followed down with the more than cannon-ball impetus given by its weight and speed. One hint of the force and suddenness of the shock is given by the fact that while the body of the fourth car fell with its occupants, its roof, torn cleanly off, kept right ahead, and landed on the embankment beyond the bridge. Another car turned over and fell upon its roof, the sides collapsing as though of thin paper. Toward the rear the cars fared little better. In one moment the splendid mass and symmetry of the moving train was replaced by a shapeless tangle of girders, trucks, rails, trusses, and smashed timbers, while almost inextricably entangled were torn and bleeding bodies. For an instant there was silence, but as the unfortunates collected their senses there arose a most pitiable chorus of groans, shrieks, appeals, and commands. Such sights and sounds unnerved some men in their prime, but inspired as well surprising feats of self-denial and strength of mind and body. Women waited out of turn for the surgeon without impatience, and one industrious rescuer worked away wholly unconscious of his own injuries until some one expressed sympathy. Then he fell to the ground unconscious. There was the usual hair-breadth escape, which should be recorded with unusual pleasure. Two men were pinned immovable among a pile of inflammable débris. Just over their bodies the terrible stove, full of glowing coals, hung menacingly. But the door kept shut, and bolts held all firmly to the floor above their heads. To disturb anything was like touching a pile of jackstraws, and it was not less than fifteen minutes before they were released from danger of this shocking death.



WRECK OF THE TRAIN AT BUSSEY BRIDGE.—From a Photograph by Butterfield, Cambridgeport.



THE DISASTER AT BUSSEY BRIDGE, NEAR FOREST HILLS, ON THE BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE RAILROAD.—Drawn by Henry Sandham.



THE GREAT FIRE IN BUFFALO—RUINS OF RICHMOND HOTEL AND ST. JAMES'S HALL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. J. BAKER.—[SEE PAGE 223.]

THE CRUSADE OF THE "EXCELSIOR."*

BY BRET HARTE.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

THE telegraph operator at the Golden Gate of San Francisco had long since given up hope of the *Excelsior*. During the months of September and October, 1854, stimulated by the promised reward, and often by the actual presence of her owners, he had shown zeal and hope in his scrutiny of the in-coming ships. The gaunt arms of the semaphore at Fort Point, turned against the sunset sky, had regularly recorded the smallest vessel of the white-winged fleet which sought the portal of the bay during that eventful year of immigration, but the *Excelsior* was not amongst them. At the close of the year 1854 she was a tradition; by the end of January, 1855, she was forgotten. Had she been engulfed in her own element she could not have been more completely swallowed up than in the changes of that shore she never reached. Whatever interest or hope was still kept alive in solitary breasts the world never knew. By the significant irony of fate, even the old-time semaphore that should have signalled her was abandoned and forgotten.

The mention of her name—albeit in a quiet, unconcerned voice—in the dress circle of a San Francisco theatre, during the performance of a popular female star, was therefore so peculiar that it could only have come from the lips of some one personally interested in the lost vessel. Yet the speaker was a youngish, feminine-looking man of about thirty, notable for his beardlessness in the crowded circle of bearded and mustachioed Californians, and had been one of the most absorbed of the enthusiastic audience. A weak smile of vacillating satisfaction and uneasiness played on his face during the plaudits of his fellow-admirers, as if he were alternately gratified and annoyed. It might have passed for a discriminating and truthful criticism of the performance, which was a classical burlesque, wherein the star displayed an unconventional frankness of shapely limbs and unrestrained gestures and glances; but he applauded the more dubious parts equally with the audience. He was evidently familiar with the performance, for a look of eager expectation greeted most of the "business." Either he had not come for the entire evening, or he did not wish to appear as if he had, as he sat on one of the back benches near the passage, and frequently changed his place. He was well, even foppishly, dressed for the period, and appeared to be familiarly known to the loungers in the passage as a man of some social popularity.

He had just been recognized by a man of apparently equal importance and distinction, who had quietly and unconsciously taken a seat by his side, and the recognition appeared equally unexpected and awkward. The new-comer was the older and more decorous-looking, with an added formality of manner and self-assertion that did not, however, conceal a certain habitual shrewdness of eye and lip. He wore a full beard, but the absence of a mustache left the upper half of his handsome and rather satirical mouth uncovered. His dress was less pronounced than his companion's, but of a type of older and more established gentility.

"I was a little late coming from the office to-night," said the younger man, with an embarrassed laugh, "and I thought I'd drop in here on my way home. Pretty rough outside, ain't it?"

"Yes; it's raining and blowing; so I thought I wouldn't go up to the plaza for a cab, but wait here for the first one that dropped a fare at the door, and take it on to the hotel."

"Hold on, and I'll go with you," said the young man, carelessly. "I say, Brimmer," he added, after a pause, with a sudden assumption of larger gayety, "there's nothing mean about Belle Montgomery, eh? She's a whole team and the little dog under the wagon, ain't she? Deuced pretty woman!—no make up there, eh?"

"She certainly is a fine woman," said Brimmer, gravely, borrowing his companion's lorgnette. "By-the-way, Markham, do you usually keep an opera-glass in your office in case of an emergency like this?"

"I reckon it was forgotten in my overcoat pocket," said Markham, with an embarrassed smile.

"Left over from the last time," said Brimmer, rising from his seat. "Well, I'm going now—I suppose I'll have to try the plaza."

"Hold on a moment. She's coming on now—there she is." He stopped, his anxious eyes fixed upon the stage. Brimmer turned at the same moment in no less interested absorption. A quick hush ran through the theatre; the men bent eagerly forward as the Queen of Olympus swept down to the foot-lights, and with a ravishing smile seemed to envelop the whole theatre in a gracious caress.

"You know, 'pon my word, Brimmer, she's a very superior woman," gasped Markham, excitedly, when the goddess had temporarily withdrawn. "These fellows here," he said, indicating the audience contemptuously, "don't know her—think she's all that sort of thing, you know, and come here just to *look* at her. But she's very accomplished; in fact, a kind of literary woman. Writes devilish good poetry; only took up the stage on account of domestic trouble—drunken husband that beat her—regular affecting story, you know. These sap-headed fools don't, of course, know *that*. No, sir; she's a remarkable woman! I say, Brimmer; look here: I—" he hesitated, and then went on more boldly, as if he had formed a sudden resolution. "What have you got to do to-night?"

Brimmer, who had been lost in abstraction, started slightly and said: "I? Oh! I've got an appointment with Keene. You know he's off by the steamer—day after to-morrow."

"What! He's not going off on that wild-goose chase after all? Why, the man's got *Excelsior* on the brain!"

He stopped as he looked at Brimmer's cold face, and suddenly colored. "I mean his plan—his idea's all nonsense—you know that!"

"I certainly don't agree with him," began Brimmer, gravely; "but—"

"The idea," interrupted Markham, encouraged by Brimmer's beginning, "of his knocking around the Gulf of California, and getting up an expedition to go inland, just because a mail steamer saw a bark like the *Excelsior* off Mazatlan last August! As if the *Excelsior* wouldn't have gone into Mazatlan if it had been her! I tell you what it is, Brimmer, it's mighty rough on you and me, and it ain't the square thing at all, after all we've done, and the money we've spent, and the nights we've sat up over the *Excelsior*, to have this young fellow Keene always putting up the bluff of his lost sister on us! His lost sister, indeed! as if *we* hadn't any feelings!"

The two men looked at each other, and each felt it incumbent to look down and sigh deeply—not hypocritically, but perfunctorily, as over a past grief, although anger had been the dominant expression of the speaker.

"I was about to remark," said Brimmer, practically, "that the insurance on the *Excelsior* having been paid, her loss is a matter of commercial record; and that, in a business point of view, this plan of Keene's ain't worth looking at. As a private matter of our own feelings—purely domestic—there's no question but that we must sympathize with him, although he refuses to let us join in the expenses."

"Oh, as to that," said Markham, hurriedly, "I told him to draw on me for a thousand dollars last time I saw him. No, sir; it ain't that. What gets me is this darned nagging and simpering around, and opening old sores, and putting on sentimental style, and doing the bereaved business generally. I reckon he'd be even horrified to see you and me here—though it was just a chance with both of us."

"I think not," said Brimmer, dryly. "He knows Miss Montgomery already. They're going by the same steamer."

Markham looked up quickly. "Impossible! She's going by the other line to Panama; that is"—he hesitated—"I heard it from the agent."

"She's changed her mind, so Keene says," returned Brimmer. "She's going by way of Nicaragua. He stops at San Juan to reconnoitre the coast up to Mazatlan. Good-night. It's no use waiting here for a cab any longer; I'm off."

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* Begun in No. 1568.—Copyright, 1886, by BRET HARTE.

"Hold on!" said Markham, struggling out of a sudden uneasy reflection. "I say, Brimmer," he resumed, with an enforced smile, which he tried to make playful, "your engagement with Keene won't keep you long. What do you say to having a little supper with Miss Montgomery, eh?—perfectly proper, you know—at our hotel? Just a few friends, eh?"

Brimmer's eyes and lips slightly contracted. "I believe I am already invited," he said, quietly. "Keene asked me. In fact, that's the appointment. Strange he didn't speak of you," he added, dryly.

"I suppose it's some later arrangement," Markham replied, with feigned carelessness. "Do you know her?"

"Slightly."

"You didn't say so."

"You didn't ask me," said Brimmer. "She came to consult me about South American affairs. It seems that filibuster General Leonidas, alias Perkins, whose little game we stopped by that Peruvian contract, actually landed in Quinquinambo, and established a government. It seems she knows him, has a great admiration for him as a liberator, as she calls him. I think they correspond."

"She's a wonderful woman, by jingo, Brimmer! I'd like to hear who she don't know," said Markham, beaming with a patronizing vanity. "There's you, and there's that filibuster, and old Governor Pico, that she's just snatched baldheaded—I mean, you know, that he recognizes her worth, don't you see? Not like this cattle you see here."

"Are you coming with me?" said Brimmer, gravely buttoning up his coat, as if encasing himself in a panoply of impervious respectability.

"I'll join you at the hotel," said Markham, hurriedly. "There's a man over there in the parquet that I want to say a word to; don't wait for me."

With a slight inclination of the head Mr. Brimmer passed out into the lobby, erect, self-possessed, and impeccable. One or two of his commercial colleagues of maturer age who were loitering leisurely by the wall, unwilling to compromise themselves by actually sitting down, took heart of grace at this correct apparition. Brimmer nodded to them coolly, as if on 'Change, and made his way out of the theatre. He had scarcely taken a few steps before a furious onset of wind and rain drove him into a doorway for shelter. At the same moment a slouching figure, with a turned-up coat collar, slipped past him, and disappeared in a passage at his right. Partly hidden by his lowered umbrella, Mr. Brimmer himself escaped notice, but he instantly recognized his late companion, Markham. As he resumed his way up the street, he glanced into the passage. Half-way down a light flashed upon the legend "Stage Entrance." Quincy Brimmer, with a faint smile, passed on to his hotel.

It was striking half past eleven when Mr. Brimmer again issued from his room in the Oriental and passed down a long corridor. Pausing a moment before a side hall that opened from it, he cast a rapid look up and down the corridor, and then knocked hastily at a door. It was opened sharply by a lady's-maid, who fell back respectfully before Mr. Brimmer's all-correct presence.

Half reclining on a sofa in the parlor of an elaborate suite of apartments was the woman whom Mr. Brimmer had a few hours before beheld on the stage of the theatre. Lifting her eyes languidly from a book that lay ostentatiously on her lap, she beckoned her visitor to approach. She was a woman still young, whose statuesque beauty had but slightly suffered from cosmetics, late hours, and the habitual indulgence of certain hysterical emotions that were not only inconsistent with the classical suggestions of her figure, but had left traces not unlike the grosser excitement of alcoholic stimulation. She looked like a tinted statue whose slight mutations through stress of time and weather had been unwisely repaired by freshness of color.

"I am such a creature of nerves," she said, raising a superb neck and extending a goddess-like arm, "that I am always perfectly exhausted after the performance. I fly, as you see, to my first love—poetry—as soon as Rosina has changed my dress. It is not generally known—but I don't mind telling *you*—that I often nerve myself for the effort of acting by reading some well-remembered passage from my favorite poets as I stand by the wings. I quaff, as one might say, a single draught of the Pierian spring before I go on."

The exact relations between the humorous "walk round" in which Miss Montgomery usually made her first entrance and the volume of Byron she held in her hand did not trouble Mr. Brimmer so much as the beautiful arm with which she emphasized it. Neither did it strike him that the distinguishing indications of a poetic exaltation were at all unlike the effects of a grosser stimulant known as "champagne cocktail" on the less sensitive organization of her colleagues. Touched by her melancholy but fascinating smile, he said, gallantly, that he had observed no sign of exhaustion or want of power in her performance that evening.

"Then you were there!" she said, fixing her eyes upon him with an expression of mournful gratitude. "You actually left your business and the calls of public duty to see the poor mountebank perform her nightly task!"

"I was there with a friend of yours," answered Brimmer, soberly, "who actually asked me to the supper to which Mr. Keene had already invited me, and which *you* had been kind enough to suggest to me a week ago."

"True; I had forgotten," said Miss Montgomery, with a large goddess-like indifference that was more effective with the man before her than the most elaborate explanation. "You don't mind them—do you?—for we are all friends together; my position, you know," she added, sadly, "prevents my always following my own inclinations or preferences. Poor Markham, I fear the world does not do justice to his gentle, impressible nature. I sympathize with him deeply; we have both had our afflictions; we have both lost—Good heavens!" she exclaimed, with a sudden exaggerated start of horror, "what have I done? Forgive my want of tact, dear friend; I had forgotten, wretched being that I am, that *you* too—" She caught his hand in both hers, and bowed her head over it, as if unable to finish her sentence.

Brimmer, who had been utterly mystified and amazed at this picture of Markham's disconsolate attitude to the world, and particularly to the woman before him, was completely finished by this later tribute to his own affliction. His usually composed features, however, easily took upon themselves a graver cast as he kept and pressed the warm hands in his own.

"Fool that I was," continued Miss Montgomery, "in thinking of poor Markham's child-like, open grief, I forgot the deeper sorrow that the more manly heart experiences under an exterior that seems cold and impassible. Yes," she said, raising her languid eyes to Brimmer, "I ought to have felt the throb of that volcano under its mask of snow. You have taught me a lesson."

Withdrawing her hand hastily, as if the volcano had shown some signs of activity, she leaned back on the sofa again. "You are not yet reconciled to Mr. Keene's expedition, then?" she asked, languidly.

"I believe that everything has been already done," said Brimmer, somewhat stiffly; "all sources of sensible inquiry have been exhausted by me. But I envy Keene the eminently practical advantages his impractical journey gives him," he added, arresting himself gallantly: "he goes with you."

"Truly!" said Miss Montgomery, with the melancholy abstraction of a stage soliloquy. "Beyond obeying the dictates of his brotherly affection, he gains no real advantage in learning whether his sister is alive or dead. The surety of her death would not make him freer than he is now—freer to absolutely follow the dictates of a new affection; free to make his own life again. It is a sister, not a wife, he seeks."

Mr. Brimmer's forehead slightly contracted. He leaned back a little more rigidly in his chair, and fixed a critical, half-supercilious look upon her. She did not seem to notice his almost impertinent scrutiny, but sat silent, with her eyes bent on the carpet, in gloomy abstraction.

"Can you keep a secret?" she said, as if with a sudden resolution.

"Yes," said Brimmer, briefly, without changing his look.

"You know I am a married woman. You have heard the story of my wrongs?"

"I have heard them," said Brimmer, dryly.

"Well, the husband who abused and deserted me was, I have reason to believe, a passenger on the *Excelsior*."

"McCorkle? Impossible! There was no such name on the passenger list."

"McCorkle!" repeated Miss Montgomery, with a dissonant ring in her voice and a slight flush in her eyes. "What are you thinking of? There never was a Mr. McCorkle; it was one of my *noms de plume*. And where did *you* hear it?"

"I beg your pardon; I must have got it from the press notices of your book of poetry. I knew that Montgomery was only a stage name, and as it was necessary that I should have another in making the business investments you were good enough to charge me with, I used what I thought was your real name. It can be changed, or you can sign McCorkle."

"Let it go," said Miss Montgomery, resuming her former manner. "What matters? I wish there was no such thing as business. Well," she resumed, after a pause, "my husband's name is Hurlstone."

"But there was no Hurlstone on the passenger list either," said Brimmer. "I knew them all, and their friends."

"Not in the list from the States; but if he came on board at Callao, you wouldn't have known it. *I* knew that he arrived there on the *Osprey* a few days before the *Excelsior* sailed."

Mr. Brimmer's eyes changed their expression. "And you want to find him?"

"No," she said, with an actress's gesture. "I want to know the truth. I want to know if I am still tied to this man, or if I am free to follow the dictates of my own conscience, to make my life anew, to become—you see I am not ashamed to say it—to become the honest wife of some honest man."

"A divorce would suit your purpose equally," said Brimmer, coldly. "It can be easily obtained."

"A divorce! Do you know what that means to a woman in my profession? It is a badge of shame, a certificate of disgrace, an advertisement to every miserable wretch who follows me with his advances that I have no longer the sanctity of girlhood nor the protection of a wife."

There was tragic emotion in her voice, there were tears in her eyes. Mr. Brimmer, gazing at her with what he firmly thought to be absolute and incisive penetration, did not believe either. But, like most practical analysts of the half-motived sex, he was only half right. The emotion and the tears were as real as anything else in the woman under criticism, notwithstanding that they were not as real as they would have been in the man who criticised. He, however, did her full justice on a point where most men and all women misjudged her; he believed that, through instinct and calculation, she had been materially faithful to her husband; that this large goddess-like physique had all the impeccability of a goddess; that the hysterical dissipation in which she indulged herself was purely mental, and usurped and preoccupied all other emotions. In this public exposition of her beauty there was no sense of shame, for there was no sense of the passion it evoked. And he was right. But there he should have stopped. Unfortunately his masculine logic forced him to supply a reason for her coldness in the existence of some more absorbing passion. He believed her ambitious and calculating: she was neither. He believed she might have made him an admirable co-partner and practical helpmeet: he was wrong.

"You know my secret now," she continued. "You know why I am anxious to know my fate. You understand now why I sympathize with"—she stopped, and made a half-contemptuous gesture—"with these men, Markham and Keene. *They* do not know it; perhaps they prefer to listen to their own vanity—that's the way of most men; but you do know it, and you have no excuse for misjudging me, or undeceiving them." She stopped and looked at the clock. "They will be here in five minutes; do you wish them to find you already here?"

"It is as *you* wish," stammered Brimmer, completely losing his self-possession.

"I have no wish," she said, with a sublime gesture of indifference. "If you wait you can entertain them here, while Rosina is dressing me in the next room. We sup in the larger room across the hall."

As she disappeared, Quincy Brimmer rose irresolutely from his seat, and checked a half-uttered exclamation. Then he turned nervously to the parlor door. What a senseless idiot he had become! He had never for an instant conceived the idea of making this preliminary confidential visit known to the others; he had no wish to suggest the appearance of an assignation with the woman, who, rightly or wrongly, was notorious; he had nothing to gain by this voluntary assumption of a compromising attitude, yet here he was, he—Mr. Brimmer—with the appearance of being installed in her parlor, receiving her visitors and dispensing her courtesies. Only a man recklessly in love would be guilty of such an indiscretion—even Markham's feebleness had never reached this absurdity. In the midst of his uneasiness there was a knock at the door; he opened it himself nervously and sharply. Markham's self-satisfied face drew back in alarm and embarrassment at the unexpected apparition. The sight restored Brimmer's coolness and satirical self-possession.

"I—I didn't know you were here," stammered Markham. "I left Keene in your room."

"Then why didn't you bring him along with you?" said Brimmer, maliciously. "Go and fetch him."

"Yes, but he said you were to meet him there," continued Markham, glancing around the empty room with a slight expression of relief.

"My watch was twenty minutes fast, and I had given him up," said Brimmer, with mendacious effrontery. "Miss Montgomery is dressing. You can bring him here before she returns."

Markham flew uneasily down the corridor, and quickly returned with a handsome young fellow of five-and-twenty, whose frank face was beaming with excitement and youthful energy. The two elder men could not help regarding him with a mingled feeling of envy and compassion.

"Did you tell Brimmer yet?" said Keene, with animation.

"I haven't had time," hesitated Markham. "The fact is, Brimmer, I think of going with Keene on this expedition."

"Indeed!" said Brimmer, superciliously.

"Yes," said Markham, coloring slightly. "You see, we've got news. Tell him, Dick."

"The *Storm Cloud* got in yesterday from Valparaiso and Central American ports," said Keene, with glowing cheeks. "I boarded her, as usual, last night for information. The mate says there is a story of a man picked up crazy in an open fishing-boat somewhere off the peninsula, and brought into hospital at San Juan last August. He recovered enough lately to tell his story and claim to be Captain Bunker, of the *Excelsior*, whose crew mutinied and ran her ashore in a fog. But the boat in which he was picked up was a Mexican fishing-boat, and there was something revolutionary and political about the story, so that the authorities detained him. The Consul has just been informed, and has taken the matter in hand."

"It's a queer story," said Brimmer, gazing from the one to the other, "and I will look into it also to-morrow. If it is true," he added, slowly, "I will go with you."

Richard Keene extended his hand impulsively to his two elders. "You'll excuse me for saying it, Brimmer—and you too, Markham—but this is just what I've been looking forward to. Not but what I'd have found Nell without your assistance; but you see, boys, it *did* look mighty mean in me to make more fuss about a sister than you would for your wives. But now that it's all settled—"

"We'll go to supper," said Miss Montgomery, theatrically, appearing at the door. "Dick will give me his arm."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MAKING OF MAPLE SUGAR.

By WILL M. CLEMENS.

"The morning sun now gilds the trees,
Though nights are cold the days are warm,
And rains of spring and milder breeze
Succeed the winter's snow and storm."

With these lines a provincial poet in Ohio introduces a somewhat long poem on "the sugar-maples." Of all the ambrosial sweets nothing can compare in early spring with the sweet from the sugar-maple. Sugar weather comes at the most inclement season of the year—in early spring, when country roads are beds of seemingly bottomless mud, and the meadows are a vast expanse of mingled land and water. The frozen veins of the maple are thrilled at this time, when the sugar camp wakes to life—the camp

"That slumbered through the summer rains
And winter's bitter frost and damp."

The maple-trees of our Northern woods are of two varieties—the hard or sugar maple, and the soft or water maple. From the sugar-maple is manufactured the most of the sugar and syrup that comes into market. One of the absolute requirements for a good run of sugar sap is that the frost be well out of the ground, with sharp freezing nights, and warm thawing days. Upon the approach of winter, when the leaves fall from the trees, a large part of the sap that in the spring and summer is required for their nourishment descends to the roots. There it remains until the power of the frost king is broken, and the near approach of spring is heralded by a general break up in the condition of winter. Then is come the harvest-time of the sugar-maker.

Who first discovered the wonderful sweet stored up in one of the most beautiful of our forest and shade trees is unknown. The pioneers of old found a valuable substitute for the sugar of commerce in the product of the maple. They were imitated in its manufacture by the Indians, who soon learned its toothsomeness, and who, even at the present day, from their reservations, make annual trips to the maple woods for the purpose of securing a supply of the coveted sweet. The Indians put up the sugar in neat birch-bark boxes, which in themselves are quite attractive. In early days the settlers, from the sale of potash and pearl-ash, and from the small sums derived from the sale of the product of the sugar-maple, paid their taxes and bought the few supplies needed for their households. The process of sugar-making then and now widely differs. In those early days the business of sugar-making was begun early in the winter. A suitable place for a camp being first selected, a mammoth whitewood or basswood tree was felled in the vicinity. With infinite labor, often performed with no other tool than the useful axe, the tree was hollowed out into a huge trough, often twenty-five feet in length by two feet or more in width, and the same in depth. This was rolled or drawn by ox teams to the site of the camp, where it was placed in position as a receptacle for the sap as it was gathered. Clapboards or shakes, split from the monarch oaks of the forest, were used as a roof for the rustic camp, and to keep the spring rains from the accumulating sap in the huge troughs. With this much accomplished, only a beginning had been made in the needed preparations. Smaller basswood-trees were felled and cut into lengths of three or four feet. These were then split in the centre, and each half, hollowed out with the primitive axe, made a trough, holding when full, nearly a bucket of sap.

The ever-useful ox team with a rustic sled conveyed these miniature troughs to the various trees in the bush, where each was propped to a level, that the sap might not run to waste. A large number of spiles were then prepared to carry the sap from tree to trough. These were usually made of basswood, split into strips a foot in length and two inches wide. A slight groove made by a knife served as a channel for the sweet liquid. The method of tapping the trees was as primitive as all the accessories. A deep scar was cut in each tree, extending in a sloping direction six or eight inches around its body. At the lower point a single cut with the sharp corner of the axe prepared a slot wherein the spile could be inserted, and driven in so firmly that it would not be likely to drop or be blown out by the heavy winds. In preparing for the boiling, the convenient fork of a small tree was usually made the resting-place for one end of a strong pole, the other being placed on a crotched stick set in the ground. Upon this pole, by means of heavy logging chains, the massive caldron kettle was suspended, and by its side were placed all the smaller pots and kettles that could be spared from the primitive cabin fireplace. Not every pioneer was so fortunate as to possess a caldron kettle. When this was the case it was customary for two or more of the settlers to form a copartnership for the sugar-making season. The sap was usually gathered in barrels or kegs placed on a primitive sled, while the patient oxen furnished the motive power.

"The sluggish team from tree to tree
Drowses the crooked path along,
While from the branches, clear and free,
Is heard the robin's sweetest song."

During the season of sugar-making a careful watch was required that the hogs roaming wild in the woods did not overturn the sap troughs, or that the cattle did not enter the bush and drink the sweet liquor. Cattle are extremely fond of the sap of the maple, and will drink large quantities when opportunity presents. Its effect is to weaken them, and sometimes death ensues. In boiling the sap constant attention was required that the sap in the kettles did not boil down and burn, or boil over and run to waste. The fires were kept going during six days of the week, almost constantly, and on Saturday the product was "sugared off" into one of the smaller kettles.

Methods differ at the present time. Light and convenient buckets long since supplanted the cumbrous basswood troughs. Tin or wooden spiles have taken the place of the split-stick conductors of a past age. The old kettles were long since succeeded by pans set over an arch of brick, and to-day, in most of the best-managed sugar orchards, evaporators, originally invented for the manufacture of sorghum, have replaced the pans.

The ideal sugar place is one of vigorous trees situated upon the side of a hill with a southern exposure, a brook running at the foot of the hill. The advantages of such a situation are, 1, that the sap can be easily carried, by means of spouts running from holders, scattered through the orchard, into which the buckets are emptied, to the main reservoir; 2, that the sap begins to flow earlier in a southern than a northern exposure; 3, that the water in the brook enables the buckets and the apparatus to be easily cleansed—an indispensable aid to the production of good sugar and syrup. In such an ideal sugar camp the sugar-house is built at the foot of the hill, upon the bank of the brook. It is a one-story wooden building, containing sufficient room for the evaporator and "sugaring-off" pan, for the packing of the product, and for the storage of utensils at the expiration of the season. An evaporator is a long shallow pan of Russia iron divided into several compartments, connected with each other by holes in alternate ends of the transverse partitions, so that the boiling sap takes a zigzag course as it passes through. The evaporator is placed on the top of a brick arch twenty-nine inches high, which occupies all the space underneath, and which contains the fire. The sap having been strained two or three times, flows slowly from the reservoir, to which it has been carried from the trees, into the first compartment of the evaporator, and tumultuously boiling, proceeds slowly through the other compartments. In about twenty minutes it flows into the last compartment, and has become syrup, weighing eleven pounds to the gallon, the standard density. The heat during this time has been excessive. Sap boils at 215°, but 325° is maintained by the best makers, in order that no "nitre" (the gritty substance found in sugar) may be developed.

In the evaporators syrup alone is made. It is drawn from the last compartment with a strainer, is set aside, and then, after cooling, is put up for the market, generally in gallon cans or jugs. If it is to be made into sugar, it is transferred, boiling hot, into a "sugaring-off" pan, under which a heat of nearly 400° is maintained, and will soon be transformed into saccharine crystals. The greatest care is taken to prevent scorching. The sugar is made into cakes, or packed in cans holding about fifty pounds.

Ordinarily it requires sixteen quarts of sap to make a pound of sugar. The first run of sap is considered the best. The second-growth trees produce more and sweeter sap than the trees of the primeval forest. The best spouts are metallic pipes; the best pails are of tin, and are furnished with covers. The best sugar is a light brown, and the best syrup an amber-color. In the cities the confectioners use more maple sugar than syrup. They purchase the pure product, and manufacture it into confections of various varieties, for which the sugar is very suitable. The sale of maple sugar in New York city alone aggregates a million pounds each year.

PINES.

Facing a snow-storm with a steed undaunted,
And a gay heart that reaps itself in song,
Whether the world in summer sleeps enchanted,
Or winter winds, like ghosts by old crimes haunted,
Prowl, howling, over scenes of ancient wrong—
Idly, the other day, I rode along
A lonely highway of a country town,
When suddenly upon my vision slanted
A sign whose legend runs: "These pines were planted
By Ellis Allen on the day John Brown
Was hung." No more: no words of partial praise
For that mad winner of the martyr's crown,
Whom only the great night of all earth's days
From Glory's starry scaffold can take down.

No more? Not so! Those evergreens erect,
That hold a changeless standard to the breeze
Throughout the year, with eloquence unchecked
Speak to the hurrying, stir the saunterer's ease
With thoughts more solemn than the crash of seas
Or clash of clouds, and that which they proclaim
Shall some day find the echo it doth crave
Through Afric jungle and Siberian cave:
For lo! in darkness 'tis a tongue of flame;
It shines phosphoric from each freeman's grave;
The winds of north and south are winged with it
Forever; and though tyrants in the trench
Of custom dim at times, they cannot quench
A beacon fire by Liberty once lit.

Henry W. Austin.

THE BUFFALO HOTEL FIRE.

Just before dawn last Friday the electric bells rang in each room of the Richmond Hotel, at Buffalo, New York. There were 125 people in the building, and of the guests eight were permanent residents. The rest were transients, who, startled from slumber, knew neither what the trouble was nor how they were to escape it. Their bewilderment speedily gave way to the agonizing certainty that death by fire threatened each of them. Decency of attire was not to be thought of. Those few who knew where the stairs were, and who ran like sprinters, got down, more or less scorched. But the majority stepped into the halls only to find them paths of flame. Then they turned to their windows, knowing that when the fire had passed the flimsy doors their time had come for dreadful torture or a desperate escape.

The firemen were wonderfully quick, but the flames were quicker. They found the fire already bursting through the roof, and at the windows of each story, from the sixth to the ground, they saw men, women, and children frantic with fright. To save life was all the firemen thought of, but the electric wires hampered their ladders. Then, in that supreme moment, came many proofs of the diversity of human nature. One, a man, unable to endure the suspense, flung himself to the fatal pavement even as the ladder approached him. Another, believing escape impossible, returned to bed, and after all, the firemen found and saved him. Nearly all shrieked and trembled and flung their hands about; but one, in no less danger than many others, calmly waited the firemen's convenience, and then descended the ladder without a tremor. Others embarrassed their rescuers. One terror-stricken girl, for instance, literally threw herself at a fireman on a ladder swinging toward her. She knocked him off his balance, but he caught her with one good hand and clung on with the other. Some stepped along the window cap-stones to the next building, and others twisted their bedding into ropes, which sometimes were too short, and sometimes did not hold. At a fifth-story window were five girls; four descended by the sheets one story, when men dragged them fifteen feet across a piece of scantling to the next roof. But the last and bravest fell from the fourth story, and most strangely she was not killed. One man was making his way hand over hand along an electric wire, when three others followed him; the wire broke, and all fell about forty feet. This is a small part of the dreadful story. The total of casualties is still uncertain, but a majority of the guests were variously hurt, twenty-six seriously; about ten are dead, and at least ten more are in a precarious condition.

Of course the beautiful new hotel was an ideal fire-trap. The stairs and elevators were ranged around a central court. The flames flashed up the elevator shafts like flues, and were at the top in less than five minutes. Then they ran along the corridors around the court, and in twenty minutes the walls were falling. On the interior the fire destroyed all means of escape. On the exterior there were fire-escapes, but few knew where they were, and fewer yet were able to reach them. As to the cause of the fire, it is only known that it started in the cloak-room. St. James's Hall, Buffalo's oldest and largest theatre, was also destroyed. The total loss approaches a half-million.

THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH.

[*Continued from first page of Supplement.*]

controlling influence upon all the real-estate transfers of the city, and when its doors are opened the eagerness with which the throngs of buyers crowd about the large maps indicating the property to be sold recalls the palmy days of the New York Gold Board or the San Francisco Stock Exchange. Prices which a few years or even months ago would have seemed fabulous are freely offered and given. A purchaser hardly concludes his bargain before he perceives an opportunity to sell at a handsome profit, so that the same piece of land frequently changes hands several times in the course of a day, and at sunset is valued at thousands of dollars more than it was in the morning. The records of these transactions furnish most interesting reading, as may be conceived by the following examples. A city lot 25 by 140 feet was bought three years ago for $500. The same lot was sold early last year for $4500, a week later for $5500, in less than another week for $7000, and it is now valued at $12,000. Last April a city lot was sold for $1800. In June it brought $4500, in August $6000, and since then $10,000 has been offered and refused for it. In June last another lot was sold for $8000. It brought $26,000 in November, and an advance of $1500 upon this price was tendered and declined before the bill of sale was executed. A lot 140 by 200 feet, at quite a distance from the business centre of the city, brought $7500 in 1884, $12,500 in 1885, and $30,000 in 1886. Four years ago an employé in one of the blast-furnaces bought a lot for $800 which he sold last October for $11,000. About the same time the widow of a railroad man who had been killed in an accident invested the $2000 of life-insurance money that she received in a suburban lot and a modest dwelling. Her property is now valued at $12,000, at which price she refuses to sell it. Two years ago a bank clerk bought a lot 50 by 140 feet for $4000, which he was to pay in $500-instalments. He paid the first, but before the second fell due he had sold his lot for $7800. In February, 1883, a firm purchased a block 182 by 100 feet, located in the heart of the city, for $15,000. This was considered an exorbitant price, but to-day the same property is valued at $250,000. Two drummers visited Birmingham on a spree six years ago. Upon coming to his senses one of them found that his worldly wealth amounted to $150. He determined to reform, stay where he was, invest his scanty capital in a lot of land, and go to work, all of which he did. Three years ago he sold his lot for $7600, reinvested in land, and is now one of the richest and most highly esteemed men of the city.

And so the fascinating tale might be continued for volumes, but the burden of every page would be the same. Thus far no money invested in Birmingham real-estate has failed to return enormous profits to its possessor, and although the city contains less than 30,000 inhabitants, the promises of its future are so brilliant that its values are on a par with those of a city containing several times its population. This remarkable state of affairs is a constant source of surprise to strangers, for the city alone offers but few visible evidences of municipal, corporate, or individual affluence. It contains a few blast-furnaces, a score of establishments for the utilization of pig-iron, one fine hotel, half a dozen comfortable school-houses, twice as many churches of the ordinary types, and several unpretentious county and municipal buildings. Neither the private residences nor the business blocks are of a character to attract especial notice or challenge admiration, though some charming suburban homes are nestled among the forest trees of the encircling highlands. The city streets and many of its sidewalks are as yet unpaved; its sewage system is incomplete; its present water supply is wholly inadequate to meet the constantly increasing demands upon it; everywhere the eye rests upon unfinished buildings in all stages of erection, and the whole air of the place is that of newness, make-shifts, and discomfort. It is emphatically a city of the future, but is possessed of brighter prospects than any community of equal size on the continent. If the newly arrived stranger, discouraged by his first impressions of the place, should ask a resident upon what he based his faith that Birmingham was destined to become a great metropolis, and take rank among leading manufacturing cities, the answer would come with startling promptness, and would be something like this: "Upon the fact, sir, that owing to our climate and situation, and the disposition of the unlimited supplies of material surrounding us, we can command the situation and produce pig-iron cheaper than any other community of the world." He will probably go further, and make the statement that Birmingham iron can be produced for $9 per ton. The Pennsylvania iron-master says that he can make it for $14 per ton, and that the difference is more than balanced by the cost of transporting the Alabama product to the Northern consumer. Impartial experts place the cost of Birmingham iron at $11 50 per ton, and that of Pennsylvania at $17. Makers of the multifarious articles into which pig-iron is transformed have learned that it is more economical to pay freight on manufactured goods than upon raw material, and that it is for their interest to be located as near as possible to the cheapest base of supply. Consequently the business of a number of Northern iron-working establishments has already been transferred to Birmingham or its immediate vicinity, and the entire coal and mineral belt of Alabama is undergoing inspection by the proprietors of similar works or their agents who are in search of suitable locations to which they may remove their plants. In view of this southward movement of manufacturing capital and its attendant labor, it is easy to conceive that within a few years northern Alabama will become a vast workshop, and that Birmingham, as its centre, will have attained that important commercial position and consequent prosperity which its citizens now anticipate with such confidence.

The benefits of cheap transportation between this source of supply and its legitimate markets will soon be added to its many existing advantages by the construction of competing lines of railway, and by the opening to light-draught steam navigation of the Coosa and Black Warrior rivers. Birmingham coal men assert that when this shall have been done they can mine coal and deliver it by barges in Mobile for $1 50 per ton.

The most notable coal property near Birmingham is the Pratt Seam, now controlled by the Tennessee Coal, Iron, and Railroad Company, who own some 70,000 acres of the richest coal and iron lands of this region. The Pratt mines are located six miles west of the city, in the midst of a wild, heavily timbered tract considerably elevated above the valley in which Birmingham lies. A broad-gauge railroad connects them with the city, and after bearing the visitor through the solitude and silence of dense forests, it deposits him in the midst of the noise and busy life of this hive of industry with a suddenness that is startling. These mines are the most extensive workings of the kind in the South, and consist of two shafts, sunk to a depth of 204 and 300 feet respectively, four slopes, and six drifts. One of the slopes extends 2200 feet, another 1900 feet, and the third, which is a new one, has penetrated 400 feet into a seam that has an unvarying thickness of four feet nine and a half inches. The fourth slope, recently opened, is expected to yield 1000 tons of coal daily. The present output of the mines is 3000 tons per day, and they employ a working force of 1600 men, whose monthly payroll amounts to $40,000. Of these laborers 500 are convicts, for whose safe-keeping a large stockaded camp is maintained. This, together with the houses of the free laborers and their families, the stores, offices, and numerous other buildings of the company, constitutes a large village, which is constantly growing, and which will, in time, become a flourishing suburb of Birmingham. Containing a remarkably small percentage of sulphur, the coal from the Pratt Seam is well adapted to coking, and the 600 coke ovens already burning at the mines are about to be supplemented by 1000 more, now in process of construction. The chief engineer of these great mines is Mr. L. W. **Johns**, a Welshman who enjoys a national fame as a successful miner. His first assistant is Mr. **Earle Sloane**, a graduate of the University of Virginia, who, while in government employ, was sent to Charleston to investigate the causes of the seismic disturbance of last year. His report was so lucid and entirely satisfactory as to attract attention from the principal scientific men and societies abroad as well as at home, and was instrumental in obtaining for him his present responsible position.

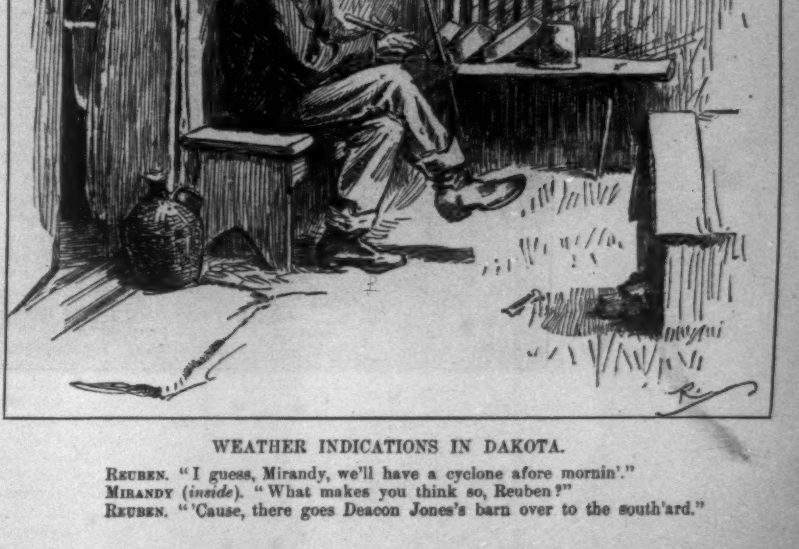
Six miles from Birmingham, in the opposite direction from these coal-mines, and separated from them by a valley in which vast quantities of the best fluxing limestone lie at the surface, rises Red Mountain. It is composed almost entirely of iron ore, of which it is estimated to contain five hundred billions of tons, and it is one of the mineral wonders of the world. This ore is quarried rather than mined; for the surface seam, which is also the best, is a hard ore containing within itself nearly enough lime for fluxing. It is seven miles long, 800 feet wide, twenty-two feet thick, and so easily worked that it can be delivered at the Birmingham furnaces for ninety-five cents per ton. Pratt Mine coal reaches the same points for $1 10 per ton.

These Redding Iron Mines, as they are called, are owned by the Tennessee Coal, Iron, and Railroad Company, who are working in them 125 men, and can furnish 1000 tons of ore per day from them to their furnaces. Besides this property, the Pratt Mines, and their extensive properties in Tennessee, this company, with a portion of its $10,000,000 capital, operates in Birmingham the Linn Iron-Works and six blast-furnaces. With all their furnaces in blast, their total daily product of pig-iron will be 1200 tons, worth $14 per ton.

Other furnaces of the Birmingham region are the four owned by the Sloss Iron and Steel Company, having a capacity of 500 tons daily, two of 120 tons each, belonging to the Thomas Iron Company of Pennsylvania, the two of 125 tons capacity each of the De Bardeleben Coal and Iron Company, the Woodward Iron Company's two of 70 tons each, two belonging to the Eureka Furnace Company, making 130 tons daily, and the Williamson Furnace of 50 tons capacity.

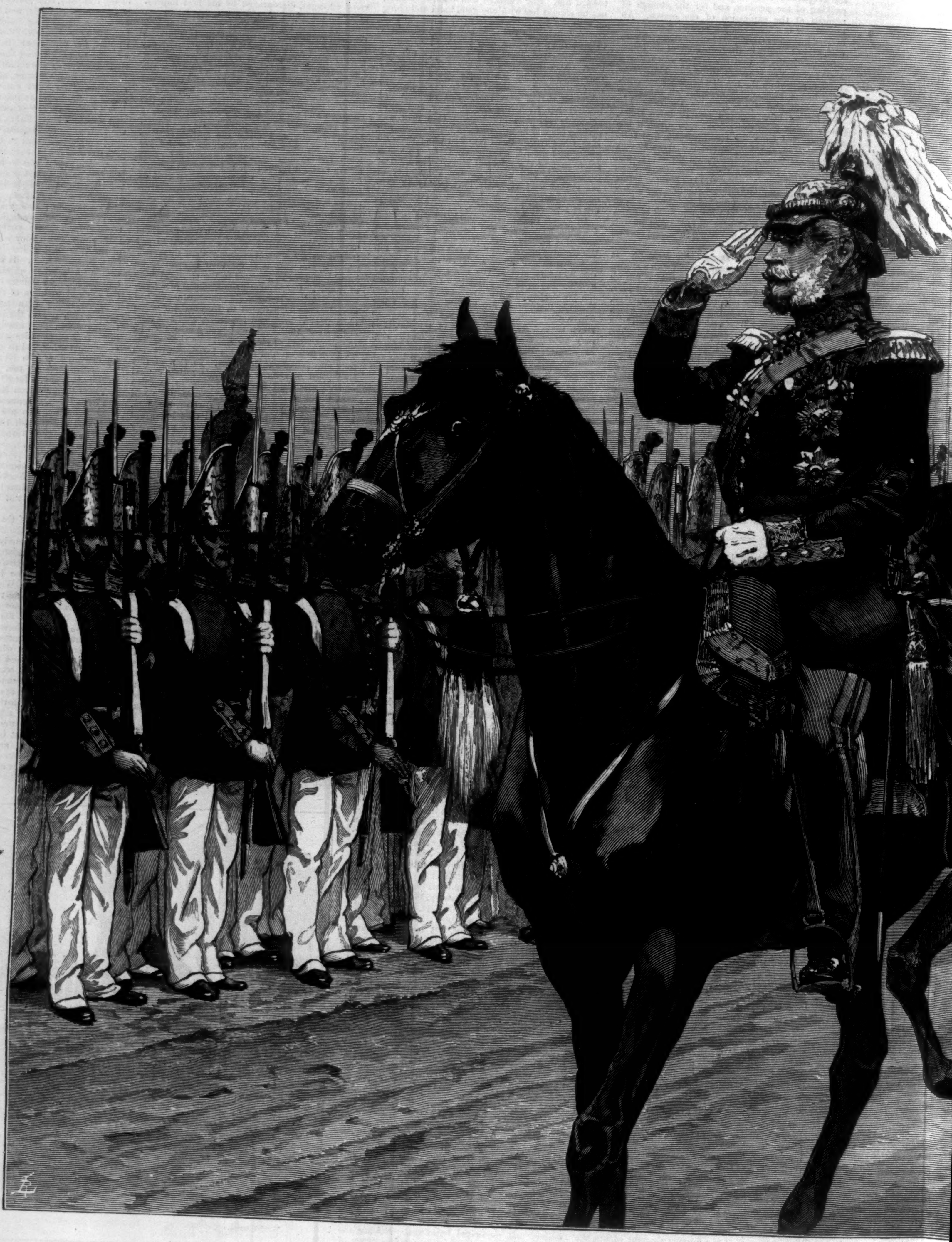
These are but forerunners and pioneers of the innumerable structures of like character that within a few years will occupy every available valley of this favored region. Then this storehouse of universal wealth will be transformed into a vast iron foundery, whose products shall carry the name of the new Birmingham to the remotest corners of the earth. In this age of iron the country or region that can produce the precious metal in the greatest abundance and at lowest cost must inevitably become the seat of greatest power; and all present indications point to this portion of the New South as the future nucleus of our national strength and glory.

Kirk Munroe.

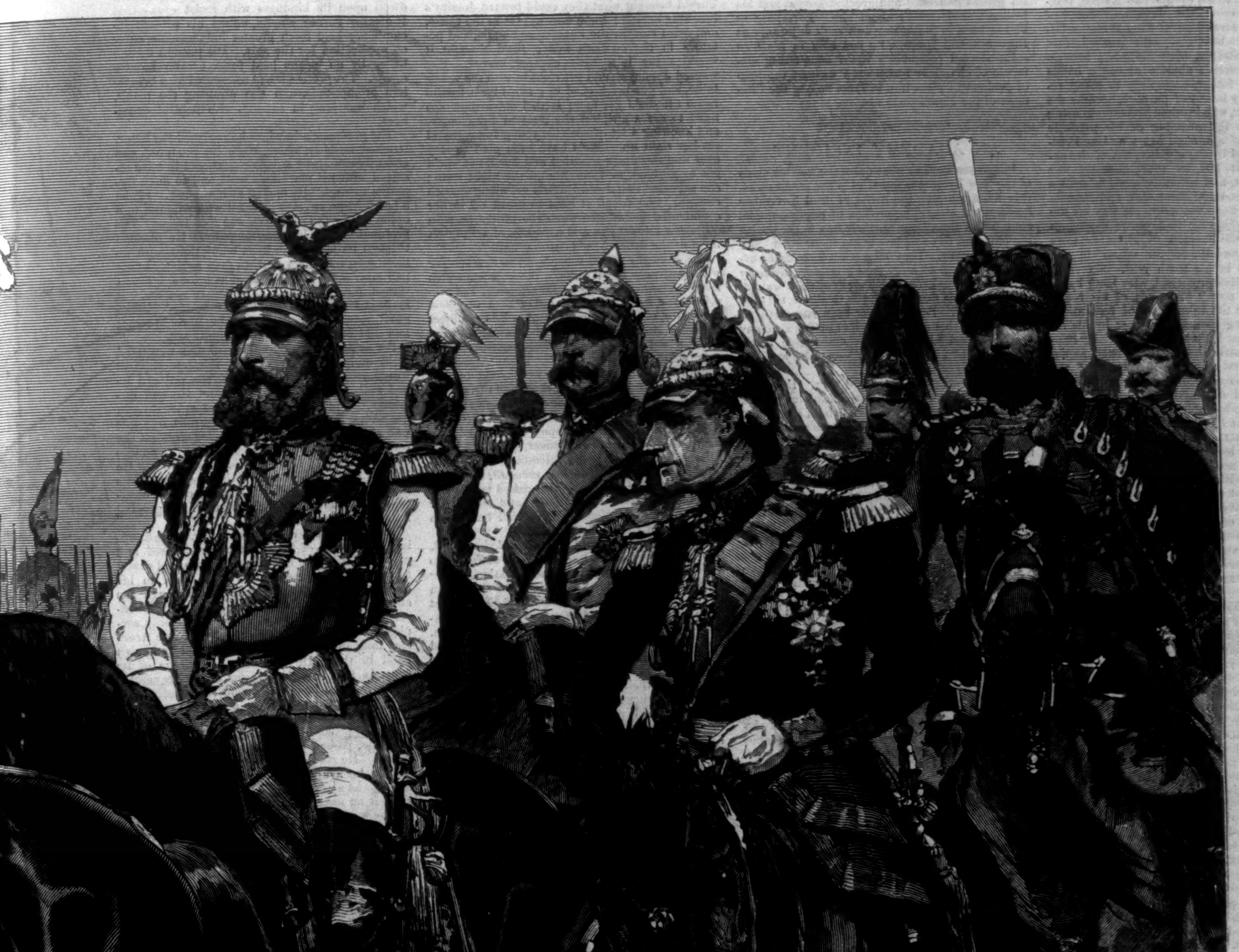


WEATHER INDICATIONS IN DAKOTA.

Reuben. "I guess, Mirandy, we'll have a cyclone afore mornin'."
Mirandy (*inside*). "What makes you think so, Reuben?"
Reuben. "'Cause, there goes Deacon Jones's barn over to the south'ard."



THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY A


R. Caton Woodville

Y AT A REVIEW.—[See Page 226.]

WILLIAM I. OF GERMANY.

The spectacle of a sovereign of a great empire living to celebrate his ninetieth birthday in the full exercise of rulership, with mental powers unabated, and in a good degree of bodily health, may well engage the world's attention. And with what momentous events has Kaiser Wilhelm's life been crowded? Born on the 22d of March, 1797, the second son of King William III. of Prussia and the beautiful young Queen Louise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, his childhood's impressions were of Prussia's abasement at the hands of France. His father, exemplary in many respects, but fatally infirm of purpose, became the tool of Bonaparte, who insulted him even in using him. Driven by the pleading of his patriotic wife, who died of a broken heart amidst Prussia's disasters, and by the urgency, too, of the nation, the King at last, in 1806, declared war against Napoleon, and instantly saw his armies annihilated at Jena and Auerstädt, and Prussia at the mercy of her conqueror. It was on the 1st of January following that young Friedrich Wilhelm, after the fashion of Hohenzollern princes, was commissioned an officer in the army, being then in his tenth year. Six years of Prussian humiliation ensued, with King Frederick William's power and most of his realm gone; then came the campaigns of reparation. In these the young Prince took part by his father's side, and near Mannheim received his "baptism of fire" in battle against the French, as depicted on the first page of this issue of the Weekly. He won a decoration of gallantry at Bar-sur-Aube, and distinguished himself at La Fère Champenoise by carrying orders as an aide-de-camp across the line of artillery fire.

The Prince William of 1817 has developed with little change into the Emperor William of 1887. Possessed neither of genius nor any conspicuous talents, with no taste for literature and general science, but with plenty for the practical arts of war and government, resolute, not seldom domineering, and certainly an absolutist in political faith, conscientious, devoted to his people, humane, sincere, and manly, the career of the soldierly Kaiser has been consistent from the start, and his character built up on simple and strong lines.

By the year 1825 Prince William had risen through the various grades to command the Third Army Corps. From a rather delicate lad he had grown to a towering, stalwart man, frank, fond of field-sports, self-reliant. At the age of thirty-two he married Augusta, daughter of the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who has lived to take part in the celebration of his ninetieth birthday. When, in 1840, his elder brother ascended the throne as Frederick William IV., Prince William became "Prince of Prussia" and Governor of Pomerania. The new King—a man of culture and wit, and something of a pietist in religion—had, quite unlike his brother, inherited with other traits his father's vacillation, although still clinging to the ancestral notions of absolutism and divine right, which in a crisis only a more resolute nature could vindicate. But while the monarch evaded the fulfilment of his father's pledges and his own to grant constitutional government, the Prince of Prussia boldly supported in the Diet the absolutist party. Hence, when in 1848 Europe was shaken by revolutionary throes, the mob in Berlin seized the palace of the Prince as specially obnoxious. He had some indemnity of satisfaction in commanding the following year the army that put down the revolt at Baden.

The Prince's sense of justice was illustrated when the subsequent reaction against the liberals became so excessive as to make him oppose the more stringent measures of the King's ministers. This attitude, and his advocacy of Prussia's rise in European politics through joint action with England and France in 1854, had fully restored him to popular favor when called to the regency by his brother's insanity. But when, about three years later, on the King's death, January 2, 1861, he came to the throne, and at his coronation in October himself placed the crown on his head, declaring that he ruled "by the favor of God alone," the old liberal antipathy to him revived. Strife broke out between him and his parliament over the raising of money to strengthen the army—his cherished scheme. On one occasion the obstinate and unflinching monarch, in reply to a resolution of the Chamber of Deputies that the expenditure of funds without their sanction was a breach of the Constitution, dissolved the Chamber, boldly declaring that he would do his duty without regard to "pieces of paper called constitutions."

What might have come of this struggle, which the present year's Septennate conflict in the Reichstag vividly recalls, one can hardly say, for at that juncture (in 1862) the King called to his aid as Prime-Minister the since famous Bismarck; and under his marvellous state-craft, with the military genius of Moltke and the revived martial spirit that made Prussia formidable under the Great Frederick, domestic dissensions were soon eclipsed by foreign conquests. We need not describe in detail the wresting of Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark in 1864, the overthrow of Austria, Bavaria, Baden, Saxony, and the other states which sided against Prussia in the brilliant campaigns of 1866, and the crowning triumph of 1870, with the ruin of the third Napoleon's empire, followed by the siege and capture of Paris, coincident with which was the fulfilment of Prussia's dream of centuries in a reunited Germany, herself at its head. If the shame of Jena was for Prussia as a whole wiped out at Sedan, surely in King William's own memory, above all, the gloom of 1807 must have contrasted with the glory of 1870, while the royal flight to the Russian frontier, the weary years of seclusion, and the death of his heroic mother must have seemed fully avenged when, on the 18th of January, 1871, he proclaimed himself Emperor of Germany in the conquered palace of Versailles.

Such reflections spring from the birthday celebration of the aged monarch whose triumphant wars have been followed during sixteen years by a prosperous peace. The double-page picture in this number of the Weekly presents him as history will figure him, reviewing his troops, with his great Chancellor and great strategist and his brilliant staff retinue about him. Fortunate as he has been in possessing two such adjutants as Bismarck and Moltke, he has held in his own stout-hearted personality those conquering elements of character which even without the help of genius will place him in fame among the foremost of the Hohenzollerns.

AN ACADEMY INCIDENT.

Professor Turney went down the wooden steps of the New Lyme Academy. Up the street on either hand, through the drifts of dead November leaves, went straggling crowds of pupils—pupils from out of the village on their way to the boarding hall, and day scholars going home with emptied lunch pails. They were not a formidable array—a handful of noisy young country academy students. But Professor Turney always waited, lingering at his desk and in the vestibule, till they were well off. He had never been successful in coping with them—the principal of the academy had informed him, and with undeniable truth, that he had "no government"—and he was shy of them.

The professor was short and thin. He might have been forty odd; but to the academy pupils, with their keen perception of his bald crown and his old-fashioned ways, he was quite antiquated. He had a lovable face, with a long, honest upper lip and a mild mouth. His gray eyes were short-sighted, but he had never used glasses; he peered laboriously about him, and heard recitations with his book at a distance of four inches from his face. He was the professor of mathematics, and, since the New Lyme Academy could by no means afford an extensive corps of teachers, of astronomy and history as well.

The professor walked slowly, in order to escape a knot of tall, giggling girls and sportive young men loitering on a corner. He could not be certain that his advent would not be marked by audible observations concerning the peculiarities of his appearance, and responsive titterings; occurrences of the sort were not entirely unknown. But the professor, straining his dim eyes as he drew nearer, made out that the attention of the group was absorbed for the moment by other objects of interest. Two women were coming up the street. One was a rawboned woman of sixty, clad in a strange combination of black calico skirt and loose brown woollen sacque, her angular face encircled by a quilted hood; the other a thin, awkwardly moving girl with a slender, sweet-mouthed face, and eyes cast timidly downward across the wrinkly expanse of a dress remotely out of date in figure and fashioning. The woman carried a worn valise and a newspaper bundle, the girl a heavy oil-cloth bag.

The knot of academy students was regarding the two with candid amusement. A young man in cream-colored trousers and a red tie had stepped forward with doffed hat and stiffened himself before them in a broad burlesque of polished deference. A chorus of applauding snickers greeted the performance. Everything was considered funny that Dick Atwater did. He was the son of a city clergyman, whose dignity had not descended to his offspring, and whose prudence, after two college expulsions, had suggested the New Lyme Academy as a safely retired field for youthful spirits and vagaries.

The older woman looked at him seriously, a faint distrust struggling with her evident pleasure at the attention.

"I'm lookin' for the boardin' hall," the professor heard her say, viewing the giggling group with impartial friendliness. "You're all studyin' here, I reckon? I'm bringin' my niece to go to the academy an' board to the boardin' hall this winter. We've jest come from the cars."

"From Oshkosh?" said Dick Atwater, with respectful interest. His audience responded delightedly.

"We live to Tylerville; we've ben four hours comin'," the woman rejoined. "I'm looking for the boardin' hall," she repeated, with some anxiety.

The professor, with the effort necessary to a diffident man, stepped past Dick Atwater, who was collecting his forces for another witticism.

"I am going in that direction, madam," he said. "I shall be glad to direct you."

"Thank ye," the woman responded, gratefully.

The professor looked at the heavy bag which the girl carried, and took it, awkwardly, from her hands, and the three walked away together. The girl was turned shyly from him; she was somewhat the taller. Dick Atwater looked after them, with his thumbs in his vest pockets.

"They'd make a mighty good-looking couple," he observed.

The professor heard the shrieks of laughter which followed them. The woman heard them too, but she looked back with an unsuspicious smile and a glance of regretful admiration for Dick Atwater.

"Now, Jessicy," she said, "I told you I didn't think there'd be no trouble 'bout your makin' friends; if they're all as friendly as them, you'll have a real good time here, and won't be homesick a mite, *I* reckon."

Her hard-featured face was softened and lighted with gratification and hopefulness. She talked on with serene simplicity and freedom. She didn't know but what Jessicy was middling old to begin her schooling again; she'd left off when she was fifteen, and that was going on five years ago. Her mother had been sick, and Jessicy had had the care of her; she was dead now, and Jessicy had gone to live with *her*—she was Jessicy's aunt. She'd thought a few months of schooling would be a good thing for Jessicy; it would brighten her up, besides the education she'd get. She couldn't have put her to a high-priced school, but she'd seen a circular of the New Lyme Academy, and she'd thought it was reasonable. They'd brought what they could toward Jessicy's boarding herself; there were apples in the valise, and dried beef in the newspaper bundle, and potatoes in the oil-cloth sack; she'd thought it would make it a little cheaper, maybe. She wanted Jessicy should get right in with the young folks, and get brightened up; she'd been tied to home till she'd got more settled down than she liked to see a girl, but she guessed the change, and knowing a lot of sociable young folks, would set her right up. She'd have been glad to stay over and see Jessicy settled and fixed, but she'd got to go back to Tylerville on the night train; she expected that Jessicy would get along smooth enough. She found it hard to break off in her confidential monologue when the professor, with a few kind directions and a feeling of relief, left them at the door of the boarding hall.

The academy pupils welcomed the new scholar with eagerness, but it was not the welcome which the girl's aunt, in her anxious affection, had conceived for her. They were glad of a new and promising object of amusement, a fresh subject for entertaining observation and humorous comment, a butt for ridicule. They considered the new scholar "countrified." They themselves were as countrified as they well could be, but they were advanced beyond the stage of morbid, clumsy shyness, and in the self-satisfaction of their crudity they were conscious of no further lacks. They made rough sport of the girl's ill-fitting clothes, her awkwardness, her silent bashfulness. They made no attempts at acquaintance; she sat alone during recesses, and went alone to the long, sparsely furnished table, with its chronic plates of crackers and its pewter spoons, and staid alone in her small bare room at the end of the oil-clothed hall.

She showed no resentment, nor did she feel it. She had expected nothing, and she suffered no active disappointment and mortification. Her rude neglect, and her knowledge that she was an object of mockery and ridicule, had their effect upon her; she grew more fearful and more shrinking. But she knew no cause for indignation. The academy's boisterous pupils dazzled and awed and intimidated her; she thought them far beyond her in all respects, and hopelessly unattainable in their superiority; she was not surprised that they should pay her no attention beyond their derision. She bore it with the unexacting patience with which one whose life has held small brightness meets a new unhappiness.

The professor was included in the wave of ridicule. The standard jokes concerning his oddities of manner and appearance, his absent-mindedness, his general unpractical qualities, were growing stale with age, and a fresh phase was enthusiastically accepted. The phase was of Dick Atwater's originating. His pleasantry regarding the congruity of the professor and Jessicy as "a couple"—they had caught up the girl's name and bandied it about—had struck him as a brilliant one, and he adhered to it with growing liveliness. It was a fruitful and inspiring theme.

"W'y, to be sure," he said frequently, standing, the centre of a diverted group, in a corner of the square, black-boarded, chalk-dusty school-room, his cream-colored legs apart, and his round head thrown back on its scraggy neck, his tone a careless mimicry of friendly interest. "W'y, you can see right on the face of it they're cut out and bound off and button-holed for each other. It's foreordained; Cupid's fluttering right over 'em. You can see the professor's going to be kind o' shy about coming to the point. Natural, too; bashful young fellow like that, just in the tender bloom of youth, you know—w'y, what can you expect? *He'll* come round. And Jessicy—won't be any trouble about Jessicy; Jessicy 'll reciprocate. Good, clever girl Jessicy is. Little too forward and lively—don't like to see a girl talk quite so much—but she'll tone down. They'll make a fine pair—first-class."

The humor of the speech was pointed, in the estimation of the edified listeners, when the professor, a dim, black-coated figure, sat near-sightedly poring over his papers at his desk, or Jessicy stood looking from a window, quietly and alone. Their meek, staid unconsciousness was highly entertaining.

The winter passed on, with the rural alternations of snow-banked weeks and slushy. The hempen mat at the door of the New Lyme Academy was packed with broad, peg-marked disks of snow and soaked with mud by turns. The professor had taken his classes from simple equations to arithmetical progression, and from diurnal revolution to annular eclipses, and from John Smith's adventures to the civil war. He sat, at the close of a windy, thawing February day, in his unimpressive little room in his boarding-house, tractably drinking the tea which his landlady had sent to him because he had come home with wet feet. It was a current declaration among the academy pupils that she selected his cravats, and went with him to buy his coats and boots. The academy belfry was in range of his window, but the professor had turned so that he could not see it. He always tried, without conscious repugnance or impatience, to think about the academy as little as possible out of school hours. It was for him the scene of long, wearing, and unsuccessful warfare; if he could not have forgotten it for a portion of each day, he was not certain that he would have been able to return to it.

He put down his teacup to draw a letter from an inside pocket. He could have repeated its contents exactly, and he sat looking at its outer surface with anxiously hopeful eyes. Its date was four weeks old. It was from a former and almost lost-sight-of acquaintance of the professor, a fellow-instructor of youth and maidenhood in a distant institution, which differed mainly from the New Lyme Academy in its higher civilization and salaries. It recorded the fact of an impending vacancy in the faculty of the institution, and it added the suggestion—the professor had dwelt upon its kindness with moist eyes—that Professor Turney should, unless his present incumbency held forth greater inducements, enter an application for the seat. His present incumbency by no means held forth greater inducements. The professor had responded with breathless promptitude, and was awaiting the result, which was long in coming, with painful eagerness.

The professor's hand, as he replaced the letter, touched another, which, when he produced and absently examined it, he remembered to have received with his morning's mail, and to have forgotten to read. He looked at it vaguely. It was a small white envelop directed with pale ink in a crude hand; the postmark was New Lyme. The professor opened it bewilderedly. He plodded through its half-dozen lines many times with no more comprehension of them than as though they had been written in a strange language. It was signed Jessica Beebe. It said that she had got his last letter, and that she had been so glad to get it, because she had been hoping it would come; and that yes, she would marry him.

Something in the timidity of the untutored hand and the faint ink and the few childish words recalled to the professor the tall girl he had rescued from Dick Atwater. He had forgotten the incident; and he had never known her name; but he knew by dim instinct that this was she. He tried, with his dazed eyes on the small, carefully folded sheet, to recall her more distinctly. But his recollection failed him. He had no clear impression of the academy pupils individually; and the girl, because of her unaggressive mildness, was less clear in his groping mind than the others.

He read the letter over laboriously. The dawning realization of its significance shocked and weakened him; he felt for his teacup, and drank its remaining contents, and sank back in his chair and wiped his forehead. Through his stunned bewilderment there ran a thread of consciousness. He was not sharp nor readily suspicious, but he had known the New Lyme Academy long and disastrously. He traced its impish hand in this. He had been the victim of its sport in less ambitious forms not infrequently; he knew there was no occasion for surprise that it had mounted to a more adventurous height. Dick Atwater's red tie and cream-colored trousers, the nucleus of an indistinct trail of his fellow-students, passed before him in a nightmarish vision. He stared down at the paper on his knee with a keen appreciation of the success of the prank, and a calamitous sense of his helplessness. He felt an uncertain pity, too, for Jessica Beebe; but he was ignorant and confused as to her share in the travesty; he could only wonder, in dim alarm.

The day was growing dark, and the professor caught the odor of the supper preparing below. He got up, and stood looking through the window at the academy belfry. Then he put the letter into its envelop and back into his pocket, and took down his hat and overcoat from their hook in his closet, and his overshoes from the calico bag tacked against its door, and his gloves from the drawer where they were methodically laid. He did not hear the greeting of the fellow-boarder who passed him on the stairs. He wondered, as he stepped out hesitantly into the mud and dusk, whether the academy, had it known the painful greatness of the burden it would lay upon him and his shrinking beneath it, would not have spared him.

The girl who answered the boarding-hall door left him in the small waiting-room while she went upstairs. There was a sheet-iron stove in a corner, but economy, abetted by the infrequency of visitors, had extinguished the fire. The professor stood in a tremor, half of chill and half of nervous dread, and looked at a crayon drawing from a photograph of the principal, until the door opened, and Jessica Beebe came in, and came forward to him. He could see her face through the gathering dimness—a sweet face, with tender eyes raised expectantly, and a faint color in the cheeks. Even to his rusty perceptions there was no mistaking the look. His timorous speculations were direfully solved. He forgot his own weight of faltering terror; but it was doubled. He thought bitterly of the needless cruelty of it all; for possibly the first time in his life anger rose hotly within him; he felt a hardness in his throat, like a child. His voice, when he spoke the words he had planned to speak, was unsteady.

"Am I mistaken in supposing that this letter is from you?" he said. He held it toward her.

"I wrote to you," said the girl, faintly, with a quick recoiling.

He looked away from her. He was glad of his near-sightedness and of the growing darkness.

"The letter you mention having received from me," he went on, with hopeless monotony—"it was not genuine; I did not write it. It was, I conjecture, a fabrication of some of the students—of one of them; I think I should not be at a loss to designate whom."

There was no answer.

"It is not my first experience of their practical joking, but I grieve at the gross indecorum which has included you," said the professor, sadly. "I do not know what to say further, but I am inexpressibly pained."

He tried to put the letter into her hand, but it fell to the floor. She stooped and picked it up. She was not devoid of an awkward pride and a pitiful courage. She drew back from him without speaking. Then she slipped her hand into her pocket.

"I think maybe you ought to have these," she said, bringing forth a little package tied with a ribbon. "They're the letters I've been getting, that I thought was from you. You'll see how it's—gone along, and how I come to think—think so."

The professor took them, with a murmured word to save his silence. He turned toward the door, and turned back from inability to go out of it. He was panic-stricken from his knowledge of his small fitness for soothing or softening, but he made an anxious effort.

"I hope you are deriving pleasure and benefit from your term at the academy—from your studies?" he said. "You are expecting to continue them?"

"No," the girl rejoined. "I'm going home. I can't stay here; she wouldn't want me to—not now. I'm going to-morrow."

Her voice shook with the last words, and the professor went out.

He sat up late into the night, with the package of letters, tinted by the green light falling through his paper lamp-shade, on the table before him. He had read them through with, paramount to his surging emotions, the startled amaze of one who beholds himself in a strange guise. He had read them in chronological order; the date of the first was three months back. They were in Dick Atwater's bold, black, stub-pen hand; the professor recognized the heavy strokes and the broad dashes and the nonchalant blots of his examination papers. There was, however, a farcical semblance of polite elegance; the date was written on the turned-down upper corner of each sheet: there were curves and flourishes; occasionally a scalloped border or a spread eagle ornamented a page. They were signed Horatio Turney; the professor's name was Samuel. He had blushed as he read them, held by the fantastic belief that he himself had written them. There was nothing in them to cause a less retired man to blush. With the exception of a few which might have been taken from a model letter-writer, they were rudely ungrammatical and raw; but they were highly creditable to Dick Atwater's shrewd conceptions of the probabilities—the professor marked the fact with grim amusement. They were dry and formal; their amorous declarations and blandishments were presented in unwieldy terms; their stiffness, awkwardly ill-wrought, was uniform.

He had rearranged them with his habitual orderliness, and tied them with the ribbon. He knew that she must have carried them about with her in that shape. He remembered that she had had a ribbon on her hair and at her neck, and he recalled her look of pleased expectation. He got up and looked at himself in the glass over his wash-stand in incredulous marvel. He was plain of face, middle-aged, bald, near-sighted, and stooping. The soft pliability of the young mind which could have credited him with warmth and depth of feeling, and woven a romance about him in simplicity and seriousness on the slight structure of these rough scrawls, and gone out to him tenderly, was incomprehensible to him. He let the hours pass while he sat with his head in his hands and dwelt upon it.

The station-master sold a ticket the next morning to a tall girl with an oil-cloth bag and a shabby valise. She sat down in a corner when the purchase had been made, and looked out quietly at the rain which was pouring down. She was heavy-eyed and white; she leaned her head back against the wall, and her cotton-gloved hands lay laxly in her lap. She started and shrank back when the door opened to a new-comer.

It was Professor Turney. He was flurried and breathless, and dripping with the wet. He dropped his soaked umbrella to a bench, and hurried across to where the girl sat, leaving a broad muddy track. He did not speak immediately when he reached her; he took off his hat, and rubbed his forehead nervously for a moment with a damp hand.

"I hoped to find you at the academy," he said; "failing to do so, I recalled your determination of yesterday. I am glad to have overtaken you."

He paused uneasily, and then sat down.

"I have reconsidered the matter we—discussed," he continued. He had tried to raise his eyes to her face, but they got no further than her hands, which were trembling. "I have thought it over; I have—reconsidered it," he repeated, at a loss for a better word. "I have come to the decision that possibly the most satisfactory settlement—that there are, perhaps, no adequate objections to the carrying out of the arrangement which has been suggested. I think—I hope—that the plan, though not of my originating, may prove a happy one."

He had done his best; he had known no gentler words nor softer phrases. He looked at her in anxious inquiry.

"I have this morning received a notice which has helped my decision," he added, fumbling in his pocket for a freshly opened letter. "I have obtained a seat in the Selkirk Institution; I shall occupy it at the spring term. I—we need never see New Lyme again."

He forgot his shyness; he leaned toward her and took her hand. His mild face was lighted up with earnest warmth; his honest eyes met hers. She looked at him with no faintest trace of anything but gladness. Her misery had held no bitterness; she had felt no resentment for her humiliation; she had known only a sorrow which was lifted, a loss which was made good. She let him see the joy in her face without a thought of concealment or restraint.

The station-master had snapped down the ticket-office window, and the train had come and gone. The academy's eleven-o'clock recess bell sounded with a muffled sharpness through the rain.

"We shall be late," said the professor, smiling up at his first love. Emma A. Opper.

STRAY MUSICAL NOTES.

Who has not laughed at the opera libretto, English, that is or used to be furnished to the lovers of Italian opera? Some of the translations done by the poor hacks who profess to be polyglots in order to get a living were miraculously bad. I remember one passage in an old libretto of *Il Trovatore*. After the Anvil Chorus and the gypsy camp scene the stage direction is for the gypsies to go off, descending "per la china, trotto-trotto," which, I believe, means descending the slope or hill-side in Indian file. The genius who adapted it for the American libretto wrote, "They go off to the sound of the China trotto-trotto." He had heard of the Chinese tom-tom, and why not a China trotto-trotto?

Perhaps the readers of the Weekly have heard of O'Reardon, the "Tumbleronicon" man; it may be that some of them have heard his performance on that instrument, which was nothing more nor less than a number of glasses filled to different depths with water. By rubbing the rims of these glasses he produced music that was really extraordinary. "Matt," was an odd genius, full of good-natured conceit, and overflowing with stories. Here is one specimen of his talk, as nearly as I can recollect it:

"Well, sir, I come of a musical family. Me father was a janius, and so was the three brothers of us, meself and Tim and Mike, but naither of thim was aiqual to me, av course. Ye niver seen me brother Tim? He was the greatest bassoon-player av the age. I rimimber wan day th' Imperor av the Frinch, Napoleon the Third, was dhrivin' down the Bullyvards, an' he sittin' in his big coach wid six horses, an' all surrounded wid officers an' ginerals on horseback; an' along comes the military, troops an' troops o' soldiers, an' the band of the Garde Raypooblicain ahead o' thim, an' playin' away they wor on a beautiful march. Th' Imperor raised his finger; the six horses fell back on their haunches, an' the carriage stud still.

"'Halt!' sez th' Imperor. They halted. 'Paulus,' sez he.

"'Yes, your Majesty,' sez Paulus, comin' over to the step o' the coach an' takin' aff his hat.

"'Who's on the bassoons to-day?'

"'O'Reardon, your Majesty.'

"'Egad!' sez he, 'I knew it. Dhrive on.'

"That was me brother Tim."

A friend of mine, a good musical critic and a clever journalist, was once editing a musical monthly issued by a publishing house whose chief object in getting out the paper was presumably the announcement of its own musical publications. The owner complained that my friend was rather severe in his criticisms of the new songs and ballads, and one day he exclaimed:

"It's all well enough for you musical fellers to make fun of these songs, and call 'em cheap, but I'd like to see any critic write one as good, that's all."

"All right," said the editor, "I'll show you."

He went home, knocked off three stanzas of machine poetry about an old cottage door, with roses, an old mother, a garden path, something about eyes, hair, and a gentle voice, and ending with "never shall forget," then sat down at the piano, "worked around" a little, fell into a melody that suited, worked it up, wrote it down in an easy arrangement, and the next morning handed it to the publisher (who received it with a grin), and then, being a very busy man, went away and forgot it. Some time after, the "boss," looking rather sheepish, said to him:

"Say—I printed that song of yours."

"Is it possible? I thought that no living critic could—"

"Oh yes, I know; that's all right. You go to the desk, and Mr. Clinker will give you forty dollars; and, say, *write me another one, will you, just like it!*"

But my friend had demonstrated his right to criticise, and declined to work the machine any more, even at forty dollars a revolution.

Many years ago, said a newspaper man to me, when the New York *Herald* was "personally conducted" by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, a young Irishman brought to the great editor a letter of introduction from an old friend in New Orleans. The letter asked Mr. Bennett to give "the lad" something to do on the paper.

The "old man" read the letter, looked at the awkward youth, and said,

"Have you ever had any experience in newspaper work?"

"No, sir."

"Ever tried your hand at writing?"

"No, sir."

"What is your line? Do you know anything about anything in particular?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, yes. Well, Mr. Hudson, I guess you'd better let him do the music."

And he "did the music" for many a year.

A lawyer of this city having presented his wife with a new piano, was requested to engage a singing teacher for her. He knew absolutely nothing about such matters, and so when he saw in some newspaper an advertisement announcing that Madame Chestone was prepared to teach the genuine Italian method of vocalization, he wrote and engaged her services, and considered the affair settled.

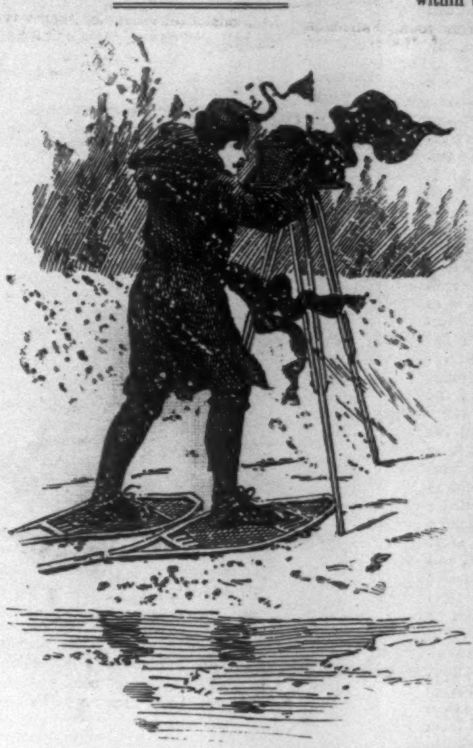
The distinguished teacher proved to be a self-possessed and voluble person, whose first lesson to her new pupil consisted of an animated monologue on things in general. At the second lesson she stood by her pupil and said: "Now, my dear, I don't know whether you're goin' to be a Patti or a Cary. I can't tell that for three weeks yet; but one or the other you'll be. Now fill your lungs full and let out your glorious voice. Don't be a mite afraid. You know as well as I do that your lungs ain't nothin' but a pair o' hollow tubes, with air an' intelligence passin' through 'em!"

With this lecture the lessons ended.

At a symphony rehearsal the lady soloist (call her Miss Secura) had been singing badly out of tune. During the pause after her song, while the orchestra were picking and strumming and getting everything into tune for the next piece, my friend said to a nice old German gentleman, who was twisting his flute and trying the pitch, "It is hard to keep all the instruments together on a damp day like this."

The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders. "Ach! well," he said; "what difference? We will get Miss Secura to give us *some A*."

This little sarcasm did not reach the ear of the singer. More's the pity.



OUR PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

WINTER IN THE WILD WOODS.

Those who are familiar with winter life in the forest-covered wilderness of our Northern States and Canada often wonder why so few of the many gentlemen sportsmen who frequent them in summer visit them in winter. The reason, however, is not far to seek. The initiated know and value the pleasures to be then and there enjoyed, while they justly appraise the perils and discomforts involved. The novice can see no object to warrant the effort, while he imagines every force of nature except fire rampant to punish the temerity of him who has been so reckless as to brave them. Small indeed must be the circle in which no one can be found who has not had a more or less extended experience of wood life in what may be called the summer season—that period when the ground is uncarpeted with snow. The war-cry and attack of the black-fly and mosquito, the rise and capture of the trout, the often long-deferred hope and occasional realization of a rifle shot at a deer, moose, or caribou, the floundering through bog and thicket, and the forcing of many an abatis of tangled windfall in the pursuit of fish and game—these, and the feeling of physical buoyancy which deadens the inconvenience of every discomfort and enhances the keenness of every pleasure, are all sufficiently well known. But should he who looks back upon such days as among the happiest of his life—as many do—be called upon, after due experience, to express a preference, it may well be questioned whether he would not declare that he had found less of discomfort and more of keen pleasure in his winter than during his summer campaigns.

But to insure a successful winter trip in the woods the conditions of success must be distinctly recognized and closely observed. Life in the woods is a life by itself, and distinct from a city or even an ordinary country life as is the life of a sailor from that of a landsman. As well might the inexperienced landsman dispense with the services of the skilled mariner on the high seas as the inexperienced sportsman dispense with the aid and counsel of the trained woodsman in the trackless forest. But neither every idler of the border settlements, nor every so-called guide, is a trained woodsman. The local farmer's son, wearied with swinging the scythe and cutting stove wood on the confines of the wilderness, dubs himself a guide, and tenders his services to the unwary. His sphere is to lounge round some hotel, and escort its guests on brief excursions wherein every contingency can be foreseen and every convenience can be provided. But the trained woodsman—he who reads every phase of forest life as a city man reads this page, who finds his way through the trackless woods to his desired goal without apparent guide as unerringly as the homing pigeon finds its nest, who knows just what to do in any and every emergency, and just how to do it—he is quite another man. It may perhaps be safe to say he invariably is, or has been, a trapper. Such a man is only made by a life spent far from human aid and company, alone in the woods during the inclement trapping season. There, face to face with Nature in her sternest aspects, where a mistake of judgment or delay in following its dictates brings speedy retribution, the great general principle of the survival of the fittest intervenes. The mental or physical weakling perishes or is driven to the settlements. He who has successfully braved such a life must of necessity be a competent man, and it is only under the guidance of such a one that it is prudent for the average man, be he ever so athletic and enduring, to venture into the woods during the winter season.

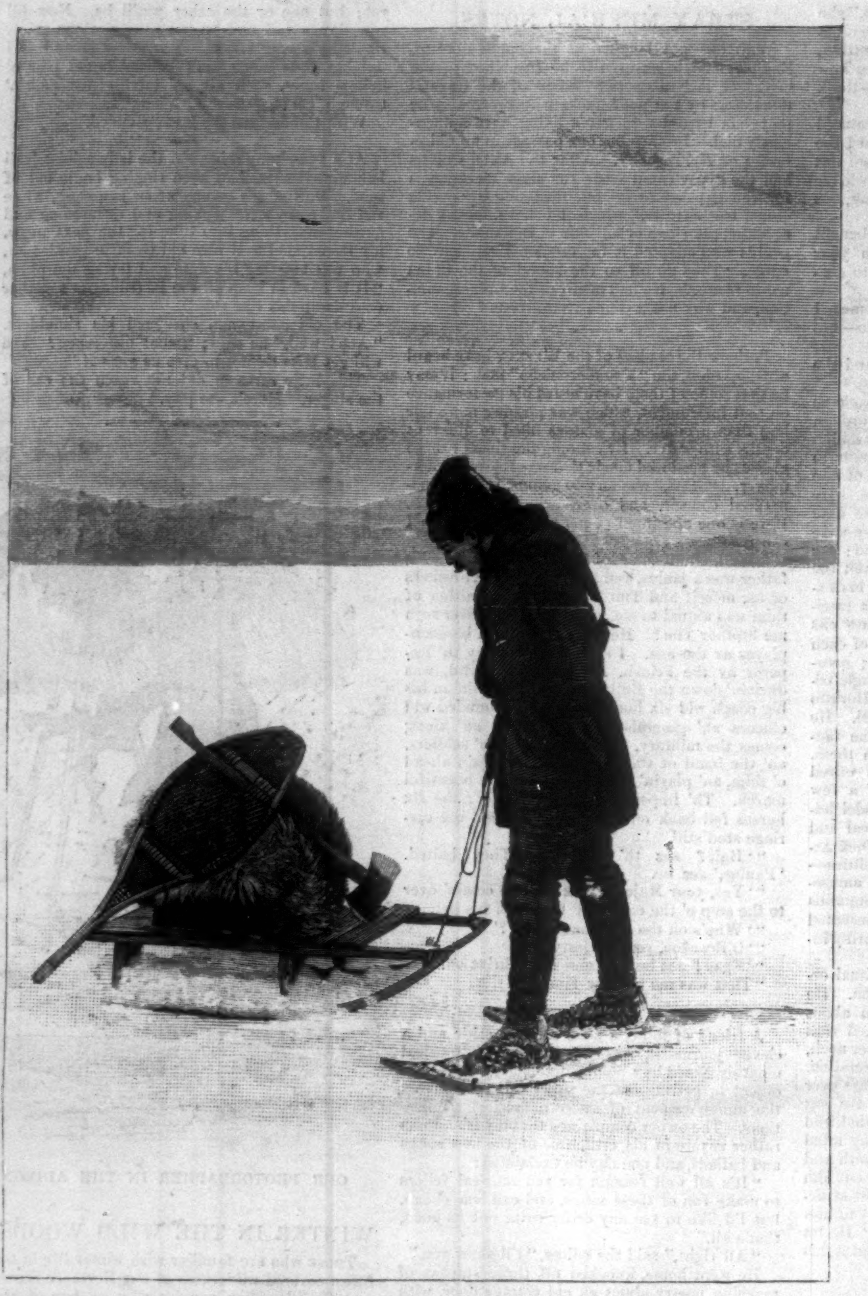
Fostered by a certain class of literature, a very crude notion prevails of what a trapper's life really is. Perhaps a brief sketch of that life from the stand-point of the historian instead of that of the novelist may not be amiss. A day or two within the wilderness, often on some convenient lake or watercourse, is located the trapper's "home camp." Oftentimes built by himself with his own hands at the instance and expense of some city sportsman, during the absence of its owner he is its tenant and custodian. Perhaps no plank or timber within it has ever heard the sound of a saw-mill, yet it is as weather-tight and warm, as cozy and comfortable, and as well adapted for its purpose, as though all the resources of the architect, mason, and carpenter had been at command. The superfluities of life are carefully pruned away, it is true, but every essential is as carefully preserved. Of one of the more pretentious of these "home camps" the accompanying illustration, from a photograph, gives a good idea. From the home camp radiate his trapping lines, extending miles and miles away into the surrounding wilderness. No place frequented by fur-bearing game within three days' march, however concealed or difficult of access, is beyond their reach. On Monday morning he sets forth, his companion, if he has one, taking another direction. He bears his pack upon his back, containing a small allowance of food, a few traps and necessaries, and a single blanket. His head is protected by some warm covering which will pull well down over his ears, and which, if his path lies through an evergreen forest, will exclude falling snow from the back of his neck. His feet are covered with five or six pairs of the heaviest country-made yarn socks, one pair over the other, together with moccasins or "lumberman's rubbers." Snow-shoes complete his foot-gear if it is snow-shoeing weather. In his mittened hands he bears perhaps his rifle, but at all events his axe.

If there is any one thing in this wide world which is absolutely perfect of its kind, it is the American woodman's axe. Its weight, poise, and temper are to him questions of vital consequence, and in its choice he exercises the closest discrimination. Upon the shape of the edge and the proper angle at which the sides should approach to form it; upon the weight of the head, how it should set upon the handle; of what material the handle should be made, how long and of what shape it should be—should you hear him discuss these points, and the merits of the various axe-makers, you would fancy him a violin connoisseur expatiating on the merits of the Cremona school.

Nor is his interest in this implement misplaced. It is really the key to the situation, without which winter life in our Northern forests, at all events a trapper's life, would be absolutely impossible. What these men will do with an axe is to the uninitiated simply incredible. It may be safe to say they neither comb their hair nor brush their teeth with it, but it is difficult to assign any other act of their daily life which does not directly or indirectly depend upon its efficiency. Thus equipped, at the first gray of the late winter morning he is away, whether the day is fair or foul, whether the thermometer registers near the freezing-point or far below zero. He draws along the ground behind him the carcass of a muskrat or other defunct animal, one sufficiently ripe for burial to be quite self-assertive being preferred. Or this "drag," as it is called, may consist of a leather bag perforated with small holes, and filled with assafœtida, oil of rhodium, and other vile-smelling ingredients. The office of this "drag" is to mark the country with a scented trail, and thus toll any animal which may cross it to the traps. The line he is to follow meanders to and fro along and over the hills, devious, it is true, but still making its general average a fixed direction. He comes to a tree, a portion of the trunk near the bottom of which has been chopped away, disclosing a hollow interior like a cave. It is a sable trap. Let us look at it for a moment, and see the ingenuity and technical skill displayed in its setting—an ingenuity and skill running through every form of trapping, and varying with every species of animal it is sought to take, in the absence of which success is hopeless.

We see little. The floor of the cave seems paved with rotten wood. A pointed stick stands upright at the back end bearing a piece of fish. Two small twigs, each bent into an arch, are placed, one near the door, the other about ten or twelve inches further within the enclosure. They seem insignificant, but they are really the trump cards in the game. No trap is visible, for it lies buried from sight between the two arched twigs under the granules of rotten wood forming the floor. A short chain leads out of one corner of the door, terminating in a ring. This ring is slipped over one end of a small pole longer than the chain, and wedged fast. The other end of the pole is fastened by a thong to some strong but flexible bush. Now observe how this arrangement works. A wandering sable chances on the trail of the drag. On breaking its fast intent, it follows the scent. It finds such a nice little cubby-house, and with such a dainty morsel invitingly suspended within. It enters. An arched twig, too low to crawl under and too high to step over, bars the way. It is a trifle, and the animal bounds over it, alighting on its front legs, and drawing its hind legs after it. Another arch is then met, and this also must be surmounted by a bound, to make which the animal must throw its whole weight plus the necessary impulse on its hind legs. If the bait is obtained, the same process must be repeated to enable it to make its way out. Now the luck of the sable which can jump four times on the thinly covered trencher of a steel-trap without getting nipped must indeed be abnormal.

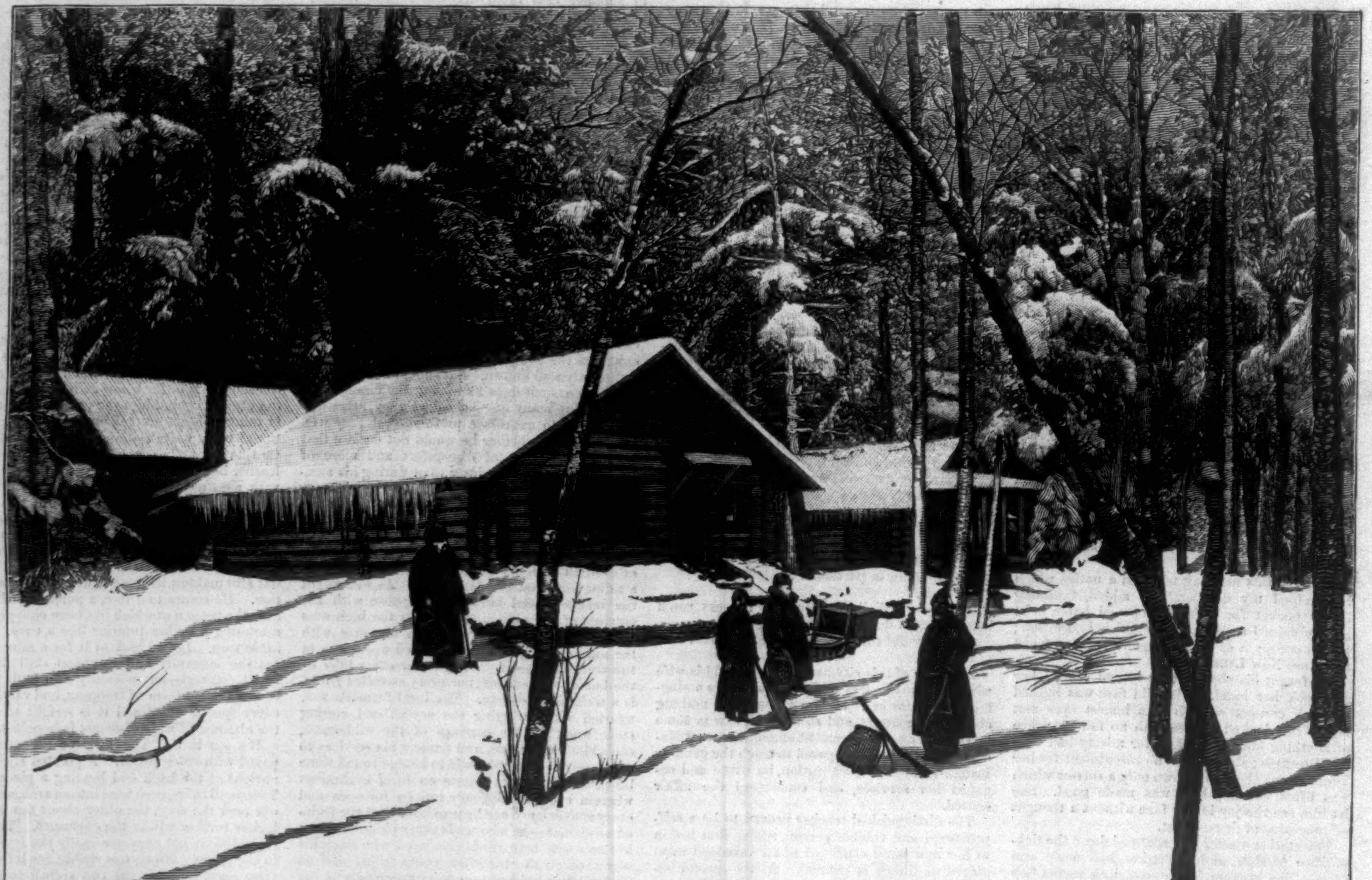
Generally the first bound does the business. Instantly the air is full of chains, traps, and fur flying about like the spokes of a pin-wheel at the height of its fiery career. This first effervescence over, the animal begins to pull and drag. Alas! it is like a trout on a fly-rod, and against the ever-yielding bush it can accomplish nothing. At all events it can gnaw the bush off, or at least the thong which secures the pole to it. Checkmated again; the pole is so much longer than the chain of the trap that it cannot reach the bush. All is in vain; the day of that sable has come. Unhappy is the lot of the animal which follows too closely upon the heels of the trapper, for unless cold or hunger gives it relief a week will lapse before the return of the trapper releases it from the cruel steel. But a glance shows our trapper that his first trap is undisturbed, so he passes it by without a halt. The next, perhaps a hundred yards distant, is frozen up as solid as a brick; a bear could dance on the trencher of that trap without an intimation that a potential volcano slept beneath. It must be dug out, freed from ice and snow, and everything restored to a condition for active service. The next trap perhaps contains the remains of a sable partially devoured by some larger animal. The telltale snow at once proclaims that a fisher is the marauder. Off comes the pack; it's business now. Against no fool of a sable must he match his wits. A larger trap must be taken from the pack and set, being handled from beginning to end with clean buckskin gloves; the bare hand must touch nothing in the near vicinity. A spring-pole must be rigged, so that at the first struggle of the captured animal, should it be captured, chain, trap, and animal will be twitched up, and there dangle out of harm's way until its captor comes to take it down. Finally a handful of evergreen boughs must be gathered, and every track and disturbance of the snow must be obliterated.



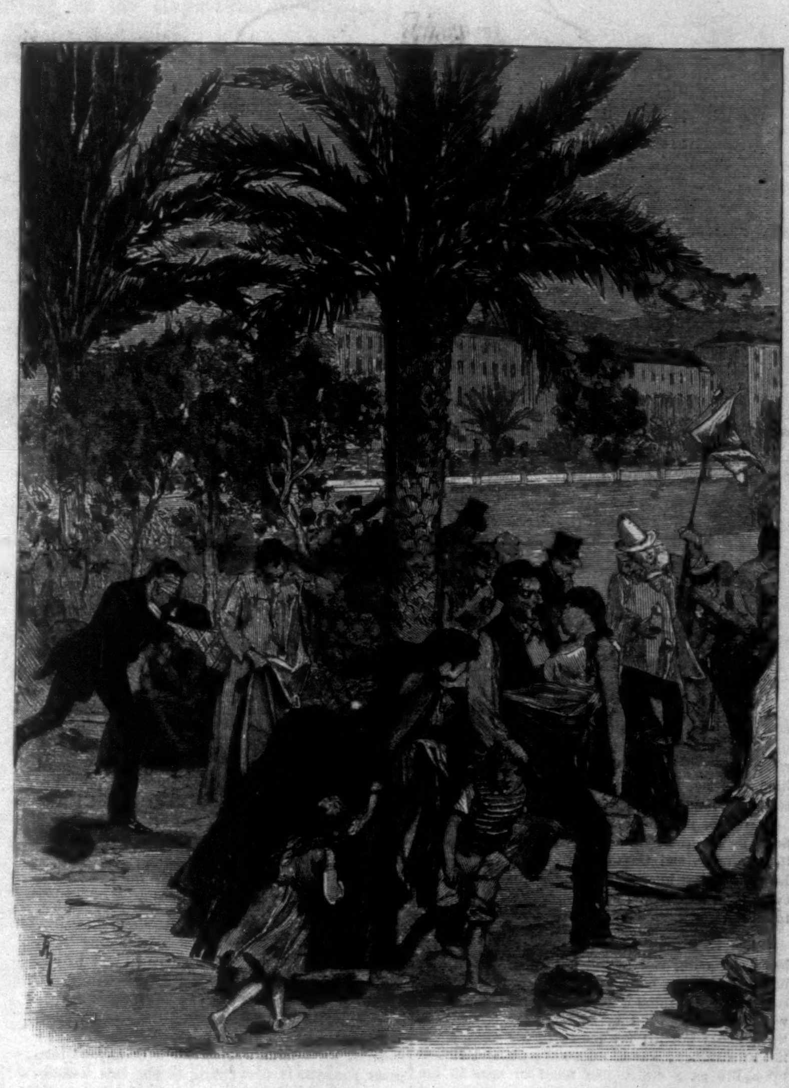
EQUIPPED FOR WINTER TRAVEL IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Thus passes the day, until about nightfall the line strikes one of the outlying shelters which in time past he has erected at intervals along it to harbor their owner for the night. He builds a generous fire, cooks his supper, and then by fire-light falls to skinning and stretching the fur he has taken that day—a task which must be finished before he sleeps, no matter how weary he may be, even though it takes till midnight. So day after day he and "the drag" continue on their round, till Saturday night brings him again to the home camp. Such is the sunny side of a trapper's life.

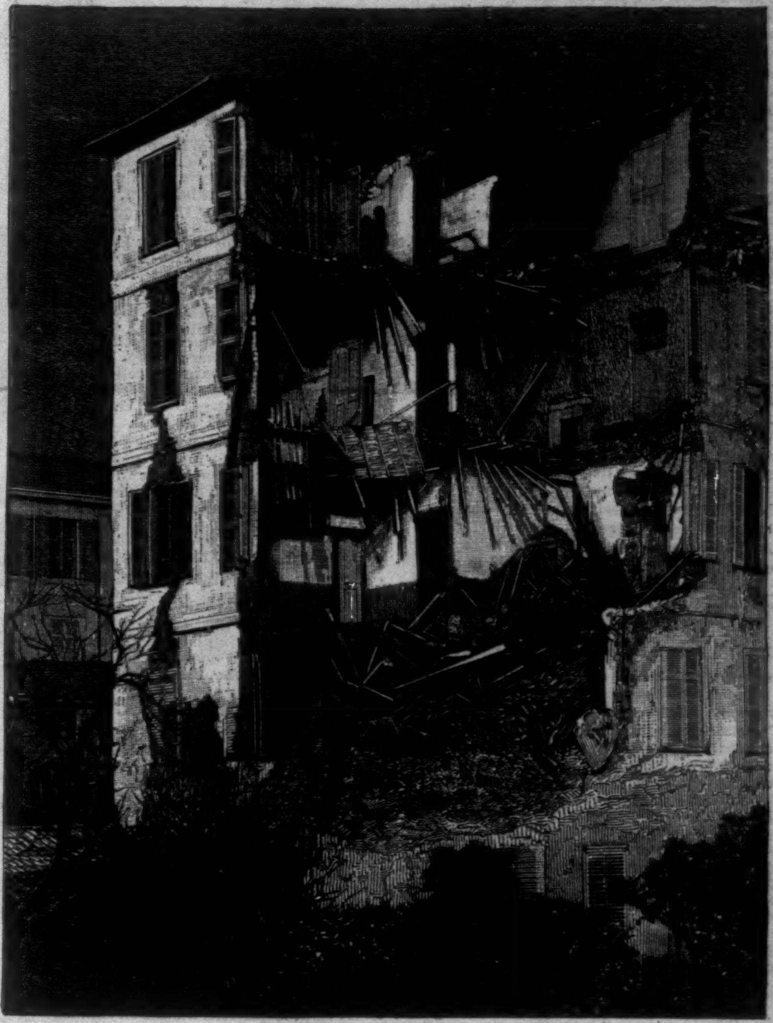
The reverse of the picture we have not space to draw. Of the blinding storm; of the bitter cold; of the weary rounds digging out the traps buried by one storm but to have them all overwhelmed by another; of the weeks of ceaseless labor thus caused which add absolutely nothing to his stock of furs; of the many nights when, delayed upon or diverted from the line, he is forced to lie out in the snow, wet, tired, and hungry, with no comfort except such as a single blanket may afford and his axe procure—of these we cannot now speak. It is a hard, hard life, and in no other human occupation do equal energy and equal brains command so inadequate a reward. No one not inured by custom to its hardships and privations could begin to endure what he cheerfully accepts almost as a matter of course. But if the gentleman sportsman cannot follow the trapper when money-making is the question, he can do so with both profit and pleasure when amusement alone is the end in view. For guide's wages and his food the trapper will, if treated as a gentleman should treat every one, devote himself to his employer, and will take him through the roughest winter, or part of winter, of our northern forest without other exposure and hardship than such as any vigorous man loving the woods likes occasionally to endure. No other out-of-door sport begins to afford the never-ending pleasure of trapping. Something new to interest, instruct, and amuse occurs every hour. A new and hitherto unsuspected world opens before him—a world teeming with life where it was supposed solitude reigned supreme. Not only is the sense of increased physical and mental gain a source of pleasure, but it appeals to that gambling spirit innate in every man. He sets a sprat to catch a whale, and when, after many a failure followed by unabated hope and effort, success comes at last, as come it will, the joy of acquisition is enhanced by the very effort it has cost. And when the season draws to its close, and he sees his companion returning across the frozen lake from the outlying camps with the last of the accumulated furs packed upon his hand-sled, he looks forward to his return to civilization with a sigh, and vows to repeat the venture should time and opportunity permit.



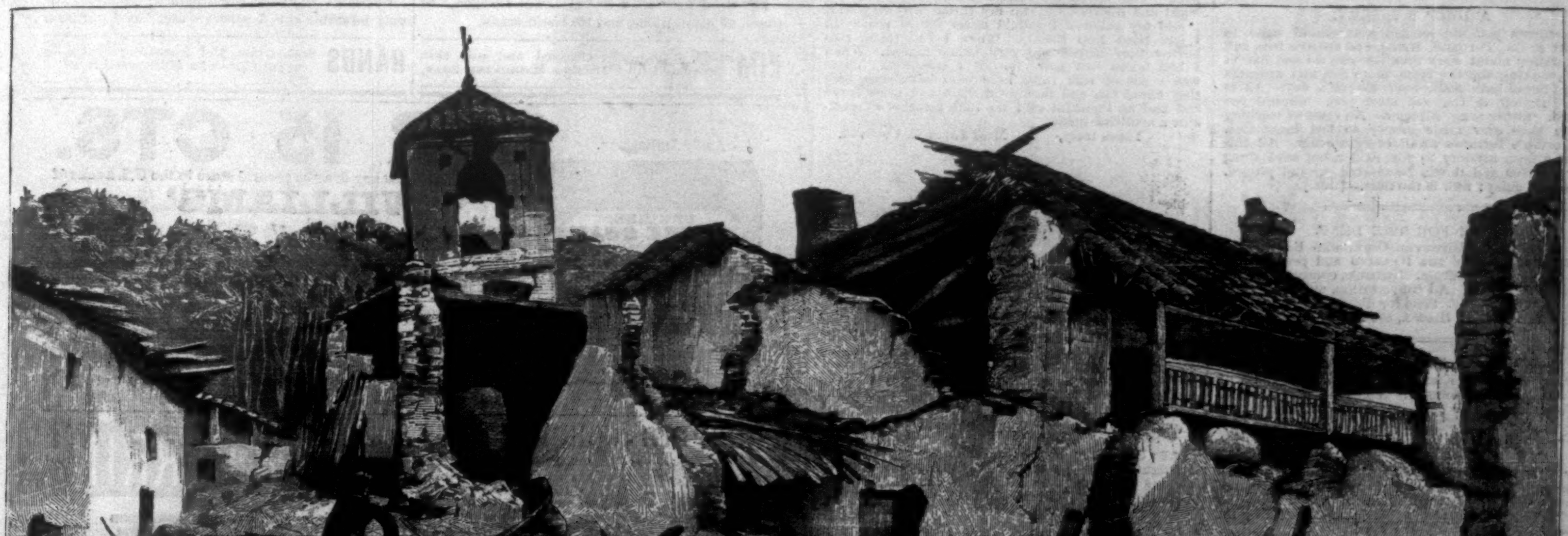
A WINTER "HOME CAMP" IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—[SEE PAGE 227.]



NICE—THE MORNING OF ASH-WEDNESDAY AT THE TIME OF THE FIRST SHOCKS.



NICE—WRECK OF A SEMINARY WHERE A SCHOOL-MISTRESS WAS KILLED.



SEARCHING THE RUINS AT DIANO-MARINA ON THE COAST OF ITALY.

THE EARTHQUAKE ALONG THE RIVIERA.—[See Page 230.]

THE RIVIERA EARTHQUAKE.

We present in this number of the Weekly three illustrations of typical scenes in the earthquake which desolated the shores of the Gulf of Genoa and of the Mediterranean adjoining, on the morning of February 23, as described in our issue of March 5.

One represents the ruins of the house of the École Maternelle, in St. Étienne Quarter, Nice. Out of this mass of ruins was recovered the lifeless body of poor Madame Cheylon, the schoolmistress. A second illustration depicts the terror and confusion with which the people of Nice, at the first shock, rushed from their houses to the public squares and to the shore. The chances that a sudden tidal wave, often the accompaniment of earth tremblings, might overwhelm them, were not taken into account in the haste to escape from rocking and falling buildings. The effect of the panic is heightened by the intermingling of people who have rushed half-clad from their houses, and revellers who have not yet taken off their dress-coats from the prolonged Shrove-Tuesday ball, or are still in their masquerade attire.

Finally, we have one of the most terrible scenes of devastation, that at Diano-Marina, a village about midway between Nice and Genoa, where a great part of the houses fell, crushing, it is said, no fewer than 250 persons. The agony of the survivors as they searched among the ruins for the bodies of the victims has been vividly described by those who witnessed it. It was at Diano-Marina that a belated ball is said to have been in progress at the time of the shock, which carried down the building containing the dancers.

EXTRA LIABILITY TO MALARIAL INFECTION.

Persons whose blood is thin, digestion weak, and liver sluggish, are extra-liable to the attacks of malarial disease. The most trifling exposure may, under such conditions, infect a system which, if healthy, would resist the miasmatic taint. The only way to secure immunity from malaria in localities where it is prevalent, is to tone and regulate the system by improving weakened digestion, enriching the blood, and giving a wholesome impetus to biliary secretion. These results are accomplished by nothing so effectively as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which long experience has proved to be the most reliable safeguard against fever and ague and kindred disorders, as well as the best remedy for them. The Bitters are, moreover, an excellent invigorant of the organs of urination, and an active depurent, eliminating from the blood those acrid impurities which originate rheumatic ailments.—[*Adv.*]

PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that a Perfectly *pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."*

Chas. S. Higgins' "La Belle" Bouquet Toilet Soap Being made from choicest stock, with a *large percentage* of Glycerine, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath, and Infants.—[*Adv.*]

A DEEP MYSTERY.

Wherever you are located you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, making thereby from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have made over $50 in a day. All is new. Hallett & Co. will start you. Capital not needed. Either sex. All ages. No class of working people have ever made money so fast heretofore. Comfortable fortunes await every worker. All this seems a deep mystery to you, reader, but send along your address and it will be cleared up and proved. Better not delay; now is the time.—[*Adv.*]

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable, and always in position. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials, Free. F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

TAKE EPSOM SPRINGS,

Forty miles east of Knoxville. Over 99,000 gallons of the water shipped annually. A specific for Dyspepsia, Nervousness, and all Kidney troubles. Spring and resort owned and managed by Thos. Tomlinson, P. M.—[*Adv.*]

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wine-glass of Angostura Bitters half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

For all mental and physical debility, nervous exhaustion, and lack of tone in the system, use *Thurber, Whyland, & Co.'s Restorative Wine of Coca.*—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has ***three times the strength*** of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, ***costing less than one cent a cup.*** It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Your Children

Are constantly exposed to danger from Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, and diseases peculiar to the throat and lungs. For such ailments, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, promptly administered, affords speedy relief and cure.

As a remedy for Whooping Cough, with which many of our children were afflicted, we used, during the past winter, with much satisfaction, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For this affection, we consider this preparation the most efficacious of all the medicines which have come to our knowledge.—Mary Parkhurst, Preceptress, Home for Little Wanderers, Doncaster, Md.

My children have been peculiarly subject to attacks of Croup, and I failed to find any effective remedy until I commenced administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This preparation relieves the difficulty of breathing and invariably cures the complaint.—David G. Starks, Chatham, Columbia Co., N. Y.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for many years, and have found it especially valuable in Whooping Cough. This medicine allays all irritation, prevents inflammation from extending to the lungs, and quickly subdues any tendency to Lung Complaint.—J. B. Wellington, Plainville, Mich.

I find no medicine so effective, for Croup and Whooping Cough, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It was the means of saving the life of my little boy, only six months old, carrying him safely through the worst case of Whooping Cough I ever saw.—Jane Malone, Piney Flats, Tenn.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Story of a Postal Card.

I was affected with kidney and urinary Trouble—
"For twelve years!"
After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop
"Bitters;"
And I am perfectly cured. I keep it
"All the time!"
Respectfully, B. F. Booth, Saulsbury, Tenn.
May 4, 1883.

Bradford, Pa., May 8, 1885.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in years, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them.

Mrs. Fannie Green.

Ashburnham, Mass., Jan. 15, 1886.

I have been very sick over two years. They all gave me up as past cure. I tried the most skilful physicians, but they did not reach the worse part. The lungs and heart would fill up every night and distress me, and my throat was very bad. I told my children I should never die in peace till I had tried Hop Bitters. When I had taken two bottles they helped me very much indeed. When I had taken two more bottles I was well. There was a lot of sick folks here who have seen how they cured me, and they used them and were cured and feel as thankful as I do that there is so valuable a medicine made.

Yours truly, Miss Julia G. Cushing.

$3,000 Lost.

"A tour to Europe that cost me $3,000 done less "good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also "cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, "sleeplessness, and dyspepsia."—Mr. R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its nursing mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ Unhealthy or inactive kidneys cause gravel, "Bright's disease, rheumatism, and a horde of other serious and fatal diseases, which can be prevented with Hop Bitters," if taken in time.

"Luddington, Mich., Feb. 2, 1885. I have sold Hop Bitters for ten years, and there is no medicine that equals them for bilious attacks, kidney complaints, and all diseases incident to this malarial climate." H. T. Alexander.

"Monroe, Mich., Sept. 25th, 1885. Sirs,—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four physicians failed to do—cured me. The effect of the Bitters seemed like magic to me."

W. L. Carter.

Gents:—Your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with typhoid fever for over two months, and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering from debility, or any one in feeble health, I cordially recommend them. J. C. Stoetzel.
638 Fulton Street, Chicago, Ill.

Can You Answer This?

Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, biliousness, nervousness, or neuralgia, or any disease of the stomach, liver, or kidneys that Hop Bitters will not cure?

"My Mother says Hop Bitters is the only thing that will keep her from severe attacks of paralysis and headache.—*Ed. Oswego Sun.*

"My little sickly, puny baby was changed into a great bouncing boy, and I was raised from a sick bed by using Hop Bitters a short time."

A Young Mother.

Manly Purity and Beauty.

No tongue nor pen can do justice to the esteem in which the Cuticura Remedies are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

James E. Richardson, Custom-House, New Orleans, on oath, says: "In 1870 Scrofula Ulcers broke out on my body until I was a mass of corruption. Everything known to the medical faculty was tried in vain. I became a mere wreck. At times could not lift my hands to my head, could not turn in bed; was in constant pain, and looked upon life as a curse. No relief or cure in ten years. In 1880 I heard of the Cuticura Remedies, used them, and was perfectly cured."

Sworn to before U. S. Com. J. D. Crawford.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

I gratefully acknowledge a cure of Eczema, or Salt Rheum, on head, neck, face, arms, and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk, except on hands and knees, for one year; not able to help myself for eight years. Tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced my case hopeless; permanently cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

WILL McDONALD,
2542 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Through the medium of one of your books, received through Mr. Frank T. Wray, druggist, Apollo, Pa., I became acquainted with your Cuticura Remedies, and take this opportunity to testify to you that their use has permanently cured me of one of the worst cases of blood poisoning, in connection with erysipelas, that I have ever seen, and this after having been pronounced incurable by some of the best physicians in our county. I take great pleasure in forwarding to you this testimonial, unsolicited as it is by you, in order that others suffering from similar maladies may be encouraged to give your Cuticura Remedies a trial.

P. S. WHITLINGER, Leechburg, Pa.
Reference: Frank T. Wray, Druggist,
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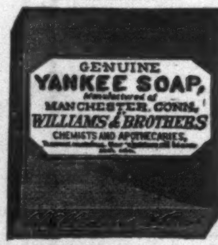
PIMPLES, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Medicated Soap.

HANDS Soft, white, and free from chaps, by using Cuticura Medicated Soap.

Avoid Imitations.



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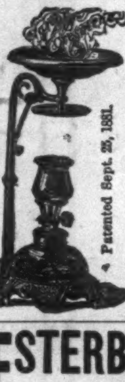
WHOOPING-COUGH CURED



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We have abundant testimony that Cresolene vaporized in a closed room is an almost infallible remedy for **Whooping-Cough**, for which distressing malady no other assured remedy is known to us. A cure usually effected in five or six days, at a trifling expense and but very little trouble. It is also exceedingly efficient in Asthma, Croup, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Influenza, and Scarlet Fever.

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SOLE AGENTS,
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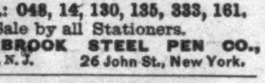

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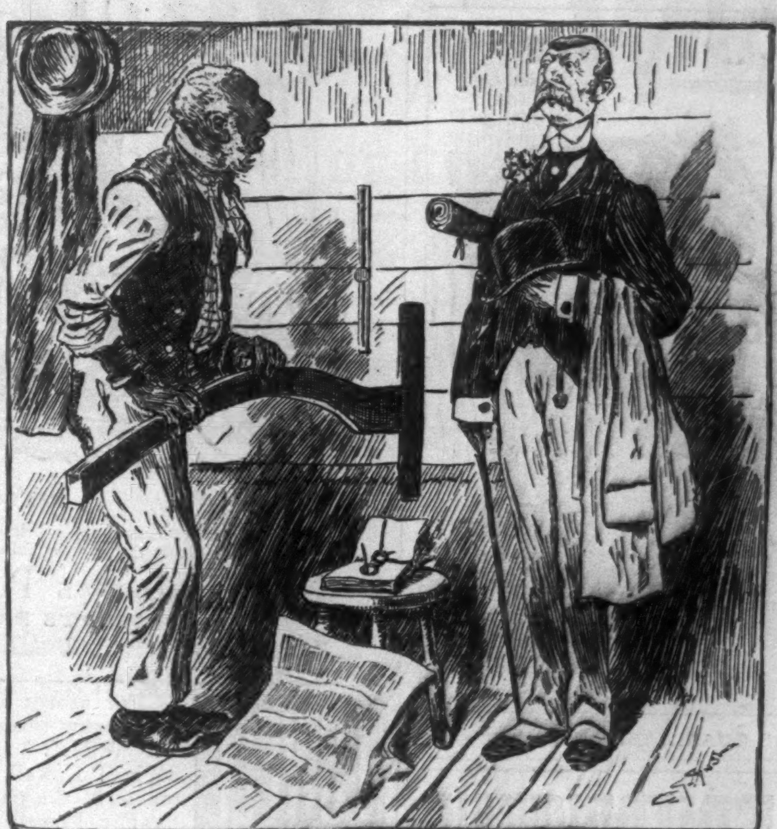

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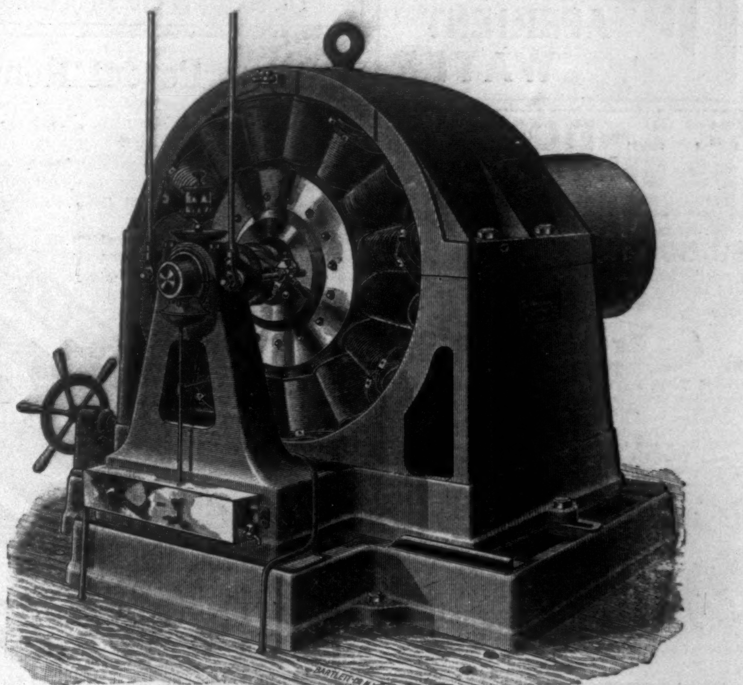
"Will you be keind enough to mention to the committee that a first-class musician from the conservatioas of Pair-ee, Munitch, and Bairlin would like to try for the vacancy in the choir?"

"Tink yo's a mite late, sah; vacancy's all tuk up but one—"

"Yas; that's the one I wish."

"Bress yo' soul, yo' kin take rite holt ob de pump den; I's resigned."



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ANNUALLY LOST IN THE UNITED STATES,

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"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT,

which is colorless, non-poisonous, does not stain linen and is fragrant.

"Actuated by the same impulse which makes us turn our faces towards a fresh breeze" we "grasp a bottle of 'Sanitas' in a sick room." —ANNIE THOMAS in "Eyre of Blendon."

"SANITAS" FLUID, OIL, POWDER, SOAPS, &c.

40 Cents each Preparation.

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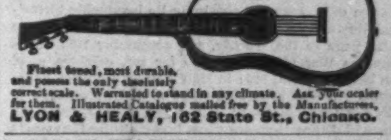

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